TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

AMERICA'S HOME AND FARM NEWSPAPER

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IDLE MINERS WILL RESUME INDUSTRY SOON

End of Bitter Warfare Comes as Result of Cleveland Conference; New Wage Scale.

After more than four months of idleness in the bituminous coal mines the strike was virtually broken Monday night, through the Cleveland conference, but the prospects were that the actual signing of an agreement between the United Mine Workers and operators, controlling an annual output of 60,000,000 tons, would be delayed for perhaps a day or two.

All details of the agreement were accepted in principle by both miners and operators and the actual draft of the contract was left to a sub-committee.

The actual signing of the contract, President John L. Lewis of the miners, said was expected to follow.

As a result of the progress made by operators and miners, Governor Harry L. Davis of Ohio announced he would call off the conference of governors of five coal producing states that was to have met to consider the strike situation.

He also announced that he would withdraw the Ohio militiamen who were sent into the coal fields recently.

Change in System.

The terms of the settlement mark a breakdown in the system of collective bargaining that has grown up in the soft coal industry since 1884. It means the abandonment for the present, at least, of the central competitive field, comprising western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, as the basis for fixing wages in fields outside the four states.

In the past wage contracts have been made for the central field, and those of outlying districts have been fixed on the central field scale.

This was not the first time, however, that the wage-making machinery on the central field basis has broken down. It failed in 1906, and was not fully re-established until 1916.

The new plan of settlement is a fundamental change in the policy of the United Mine Workers of America and for that reason the union policy committee of 128 members was called to meet to pass on it.

Others May Sign Up.

No exact estimate of the number of miners who will be put back to work under the settlement was obtainable, but varied between 60,000 and 75,000 men.

Altogether there are 450,000 soft coal miners on strike, union officials said. It is expected by them that the other operators will accept the settlement effected, but meanwhile the strike will continue at their mines.

The agreement, it was said, would provide for re-establishment of the wage scales that were effective last April 1, and the new contract would run until next March 31.

It was also decided to establish a fact finding commission of advisory powers for dealing with future negotiations in the soft coal industry. The commission would be chosen by miners and operators with the personnel approved by the President.

Good Roads Test Is Attracting Experts

Highway officials of Ohio, Indiana, West Virginia, Michigan and other nearby states are manifesting keen interest in the result of tests of the Bates experimental road at Springfield, Ill.

The information obtained from the experiment will be applied in designing and construction of the $10,000,000 worth of pavements in the state of Illinois, in accordance with the road building program policy adopted in 1920 by Governor Lowden. Experiments on the stem of highway at Springfield are said to be the most exhaustive carried on in recent years.

Gordon Klein, civil engineer, reports that the Bates road will determine which type of road has the greater beam strength (engineers term for the carrying power of a horizontal unit between two supports). The wearing quality of a brick road, one of its best features, needs no recognition. The 'failure' of a brick road is in almost every case due to the failure of the foundation upon which the bricks are laid. It has been proven beyond doubt that bricks are capable of withstanding practically any load without excessive wear or breakage.

U. S. Woman Directs Work of Armenians

The largest textile and sewing industry of the Near East has been organized in Alexandropol, Armenia, by Mrs. Byrtene Anderson, of Jacksonville, Fla. Today it employs 4,000 children who work half the day in the Near East schools and work the rest of the time in the industrial rooms. They comb, wash, spin, card and weave raw wool into cloth which is used for clothing the 20,000 orphan children supported by the Near East Relief.

Slayers of British War Chief Hanged

Joseph O'Sullivan and Reginald Dunn were hanged last week in Wandsworth prison for the assassination of Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson on June 22.

A crowd of about 50 Irish men and women assembled outside the jail an hour before the execution. They sang hymns and prayed for the souls of the condemned men.

Police Aid Birds at White House

By direction of President Harding the White House police detail has taken the song birds of the grounds under its protection and made war on three black crows convicted of having routed the songsters.

The President noticed some time ago that the song birds seemed to be leaving and ordered a police investigation. The crow marauders were detected and a marksman called in who killed them off after stalking them for three days. Now the song birds are coming back.

PRESIDENT FINDS CAPABLE ENVOYS

Reform League Commends Harding in Choice of Diplomats.

Long strides toward removing diplomatic posts from rewards for political service have been made during President Harding's administration, says a report issued by the committee on foreign service of the National Civil Service Reform league.

The report says the first year "seems to indicate that an earnest effort has been made to retain the services of men of experience and to appoint to diplomatic posts persons with qualifications in diplomacy."

The committee reports that five of the nine ambassadors appointed by President Harding were men with previous experience in diplomacy. Six of the 30 ministers now serving in the diplomatic corps, the committee found, were appointed on the basis of their experience and eight were men appointed during previous administrations but were retained by President Harding.

Four ambassadors, 16 ministers, two agents and consuls general and one minister resident and consul general appointed by President Harding, the report says, were persons without any previous diplomatic experience.

"While many of the 23 appointments made of persons without previous diplomatic experience operated as a recognition of political obligations," the report states, "the evil of such appointments is largely abated by the present administration and contrasts favorably with the records of the first year of other administrations. For this record, President Harding and Secretary Hughes are to be commended. President Harding is furthermore deserving of commendation in that he had selected for secretary of state a man of the highest qualifications and one devoted to the merit principle."

Big Export Demand Expected by Gov't

Cold rains having retarded the grain harvest of Europe during July, a heavy demand is anticipated for American cereal exports in some sections, according to a survey of the foodstuffs situation abroad, issued by the commerce department.

Reliable estimates, the department reported, put the yield for the Greek harvest at 28 per cent below last year's and the Italian yield at 20 per cent under last season. Owing to diminished production and the rapid increase in population, the department asserts, exceptionally heavy imports of grain are anticipated.

The new grain crop of Germany was officially estimated at from 15 to 20 per cent less than last year; Spain's as "medium" and the Tunis wheat crop at but 30 per cent of last year's. Threshing returns in southern France revealed better returns than expected.

Rumania, however, the department stated, should be in a position to export 1,500,000 tons of grain during the coming year while the estimates of the Polish government indicate a possible increase of grain production this season of 1,716,000 tons.

Camp Grant Soldiers Hurt in Hospital Fire

Fire in the Camp Grant barracks, Rockford, Ill., was brought under control after eight units in the hospital area had been destroyed and 20 isolated buildings damaged. Several soldiers were injured slightly while aiding firemen. Four soldiers who fell through a burning roof, escaped with minor injuries.

Camp authorities declared the fires undoubtedly were of incendiary origin.

The barracks, erected during the war, were built and equipped at a cost of more than $1,000,000, but their salvage value was said to have been much less.

Immediate investigation of the origin of the fire was begun by military and civil authorities.

Blames Bad Liquor for More Insanity

Ye imbibers of "bad hootch" take heed.

Blaming concoctions being sold promiscously Dr. Charles E. Bauer referred to statistics of the St. Louis city sanitarium, which show a marked increase in the number of insane patients.

July 21, 1921, 2,565 patients were registered, same date this year there were 2,707 patients. This number will show a big increase the next two years, Dr. Bauer predicts.

White Crow, Pink Eyes

A white crow has been found by Clarence Baxter near Darien, Wis. The bird is a fledgling and not a trace of the "crow" color can be found in any of its feathers. It has pink eyes.

EXPERTS TELL FARMERS HOW TO FIGHT SMUT

Wheat Parasites Cause Great Losses in Mid-Western Section — Sow Immune Seed.

Farmers in the mid-western wheat fields where the spread of flag smut among the crops is causing increased loss in the harvest, are urged by experts of the Washington agriculture department to plant varieties next Fall which are immune to the parasites or more highly resistant. The region adjacent to St. Louis, in Illinois and Missouri, has been found to contain an area of about 700 square miles in which the spores are spreading rapidly, where, in 1921, only 72 square miles were infected. The department experts believe that attempts at eradication are likely to fail and that change in planting is the only means of checking the spread.

The damage wrought by the smut amounts to a large figure. In Australia, where conditions are similar to those in some parts of this country, fields sometimes show losses as high as 20 per cent, it is said, and the infection is, in general, like that of bunt or stinking smut in our own wheat growing regions. In the two states where this smut has been found, parts of fields have shown losses as high as 20 per cent, but it is doubtful if field losses there have ever been as much as 5 per cent of the crop.

Number Varieties Immune.

A number of varieties of wheat grown in this area have been found not to take this disease at all or to be highly resistant to it. Of the soft Winter wheats, Red Rock, Stoner or Marvelous, Fulcoster, Mammoth Red and Dietz are in this class. Of the hard red Winter wheats, Illinois 10-110, Kanred, Illinois 12-41 and P-1068, are highly resistant if not immune, the department states. Numerous other strains and varieties have shown high resistance, but some varieties that have been very popular in this district have been found to take flag infection very readily.

Investigations indicate the probability that the spores of the disease are carried by the wind from field to field, a department circular declares, and for this reason it is doubtful if any quarantine measures can be effective in preventing its spread. There is a strong indication that the growing of resistant varieties is the least expensive and most dependable method of preventing loss, it is added. Crop rotation also will help to keep the disease under control, for unless a variety is completely resistant, growing wheat after wheat will increase the infection in a field.

Farmers within or near the infected area are urged to consult with their county agents or state experiment station and arrange to get supplies of these recommended varities for sowing in the Fall.

Inn Dickens Liked Offered for Sale

The Leather Bottle, known to Dickens lovers the world over, is for sale. It is the "clean and commodious ale-house" in the little Kent village of Cobham. It was thither Mr. Pickwick, accompanied by the faithful Snodgrass and Winkle, followed Mr. Tupman on receipt of the plaintive letter from Mr. Tupman which announced that he had been "deserted by a lovely and fascinating creature." He wrote to Pickwick "Any letter addressed to me at 'The Leather Bottle,' Cobham, Kent, will be forwarded—supposing I still exist. I hasten from the sight of the world which has become odious to me."

Dickens loved the Cobham neighborhood so much that he returned to it for his honeymoon. Later he took up his residence at Gad's Hill, close by.

Blow Restores Sight

Colliding with a lamp-post while he was walking, George Hughes of England, blind ex-soldier, found that the blow had restored his sight.

Famed British Publisher Dies

LORD NORTHCLIFFE

CHANGE COMING IN STANDARDS OF WHEAT PRICES TO FARMERS

There is a definite trend towards a change in the standards on which prices paid farmers for wheat are based, says a recent statement issued by A. E. Anderson, director of grain marketing for the Ohio Farm Bureau federation. This change is coming as a result of discoveries made in the scientific milling field, and will result in the payment of higher prices per bushel to the man who produces grain of superior milling quality.

To back this statement Mr. Anderson cites the fact that the movement has already made considerable headway in the Southwest. Some of the terminals in that section have established laboratories for the determination of protein percentages and the quality and quality of gluten content which is the factor that makes for good bread texture and flavor," and are making their payments on this standard. One recent report told of differences of 12 and 13 cents per bushel on one per cent of protein on wheat within the same federal grade.

A few of the progressive mills in Ohio are already basing their prices on this standard, according to Mr. Anderson, and the movement is gaining headway. A number of millers are offering a premium for Ohio improved wheats such as Trumbull, Gladden, Portage and others, which experiments have proved to be superior in their milling qualities.

"The farmers have previously had an incentive for the raising of these improved wheats because of increased yield per acre," said Mr. Anderson. "It looks now as though they would benefit still more by obtaining better prices for each bushel produced."

BEEF CATTLE INDUSTRY LOOKS BETTER TO AMERICAN BREEDERS

The beef cattle industry in America is looking up, according to R. J. Kinzer, secretary of the American Hereford association. All along the line, he says, there is a feeling of optimism and confidence, with the breeder of purebreds, with the managers of range herds from which the major supply of feeder cattle is drawn, and with the farmers of the corn belt who finish beeves for the packing-house market.

Mr. Kinzer announces that transfers of purebred Hereford cattle recorded during July, 1922, exceeded by 62 per cent the number of transfers made in July, 1921. Herefords are beef cattle.

"The number of transfers we record is the index to the volume of purchases being made by breeders of Hereford cattle," said Mr. Kinzer. "If transfers run light, it means that business is dull. But an increase of 62 per cent during July is evidence that the purebred cattle industry is getting back on its feet and that a feeling of security and confidence in the future is felt by all interests concerned in the production of beef for the American dinner table."

July transfers of Herefords this year compared favorably with July of the "boom" years of 1918, 1919 and 1920, according to Mr. Kinzer, and the volume for the last month runs only about 2,000 less than the record year of 1918. This is regarded by cattlemen as most favorable.

"The up-swinging cattle markets at the stock yards are also cause for confidence among breeders and feeders," added Mr. Kinzer. "During the last three months the market for killing cattle has shown a pronounced trend upward, reaching the extreme top of the year at $10.85 per hundredweight in Chicago during the last week of July. This is most auspicious when compared with the eight and nine-dollar prices which prevailed during the early months of the year.

"Demand for purebreds has increased to the point where it is difficult to supply enough suitable bulls and breeding cows for current requirements. Prices of purebreds are just starting on their upward trend after the recent deflation, which means that now is the time for farmers and new breeders to enter the purebred business."

Plant to Fumigate Box Cars Opened

A freight car fumigating house capable of holding 14 railway cars simultaneously has been placed in operation by the federal horticultural department, it has been announced.

Officials stated it is another link in the chain of fumigating houses maintained to prevent the entry into the United States of the pink bollworm of cotton.

U. S. Agents Seize Sausage With Kick

The popularity of sausage manufactured by Silvio Citti in the rear of his Chicago grocery was explained when he was arrested for violation of the prohibition laws. He said 300 bottles of Italian wine, found in the basement were to be used in sausage making. Federal agents say they purchased wine and liquor from him.

NORTHCLIFFE, NOTED EDITOR, DIES OF POISON

Was One of Great Britain's Most Powerful Men; Was Prominent During War; Author of Reforms.

Lord Northcliffe, the greatest publisher Great Britain ever has produced and one of the most powerful unofficial peers in ages in England, died Monday morning in his town residence in Carlton Gardens. He was 57 July 15.

The end was peaceful. The widow was at the bedside. The official bulletin did not give the cause of death. It is understood, however, it was caused by toxic poisoning from a throat ailment. This poison impregnated the blood, affecting the vital organs, principally the heart. A previous bulletin had stated the membranous lining of the cavities of the heart had become inflamed.

Lord Northcliffe was unconscious a great deal of the time before his death.

Lord Northcliffe's illness was of comparatively brief duration.

He was brought home from Switzerland about three weeks ago.

The funeral was held August 17. On request of the dean of Westminster public services will be conducted in Westminster Abbey. Interment will be in St. Marylebone cemetery.

Was Editor at 17.

Viscount Northcliffe, son of an Irish barrister, became an editor at 17 years, owner and publisher of the London Times and Daily Mail, the moulder of public opinion, a man of powerful influence in the making and unmaking of British cabinets and, with David Lloyd George, contributed in a great measure to arousing England to more vigorous action in the war.

He was created baron of the Isle of Thanet in 1905 and was made a viscount in 1917, after he had served with distinction as head of the British mission to the United States to consolidate British interests here during the war.

"Made" Lloyd George.

To Northcliffe is ascribed the arousing of the British public to a knowledge of the fact that the British army in France was insufficiently equipped with high explosive shells, that British guns on the French front were short of ammunition and that Lord Kitchener, secretary of state for war, was sending to British gunners shrapnel while Sir John French, commander, was appealing for the kind of high explosives Germany was using.

This exposure has been characterized as one of the outstanding journalistic feats of the war. It resulted in the appointment of David Lloyd George as first British minister of munitions and put him on the road to become prime minister.

Northcliffe attacked the government for failure in the Gallipoli campaign and in Mesopotamia. He demanded conscription be put into effect. Next he turned his journalistic guns upon Premier H. H. Asquith, denounced the general war committee as a "town meeting" and demanded a compact war cabinet. He supported Lloyd George in a demand for a small and efficient cabinet, of which Asquith should not be a member. Asquith resigned and Lloyd George succeeded him.

Refuses Important Post.

Northcliffe had pointed out that America was wise in remaining out of the war until Germany forced her to act. Because of his acquaintance with American conditions Lloyd George prevailed on him to accept his first public office, contrary to his resolution, and Northcliffe came to the United States as head of the British mission, in which he directed the work of 500 officials and 10,000 assistants.

For services to the government he was made viscount. Returning to England he was offered the post of air minister. In declining to accept he declared that while the United States was preparing with fervor and enthusiasm for the war England wobbled two years over conscription, was dallying with the question of unity of war control, eradication of sedition, mobilization of the whole man and woman power of the coun-

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Shows Farming Isn't All Profit

To support his argument that farmers are not growing wealthy very fast under present conditions an Ohio farmer lists the following figures for his wheat crop this year:

Expenses.	
Seed wheat	$ 35.00
Fertilizer	27.00
Manure	50.00
Threshing	37.68
Plowing and seeding	50.00
Harvesting and twine	20.00
Marketing	5.00
Taxes and insurance	20.00
	$244.68
Receipts.	
Received 83 bushels at 90 cents per bu	$ 74.70
Loss	$169.98

YIELD OF GRAIN TO EXCEED 1921

Government Figures Show Corn Crop of Three Billions.

Government figures recently issued indicate a gain of 217,000,000 bushels in the grain crops of the country, compared with forecasts made for July.

The Winter wheat crop of 542,000,000 bushels decrease 27,000,000 bushels last month, while Spring wheat showed 263,000,000 bushels and increased 15,000,000 bushels, making a total crop of 805,000,000 bushels of all wheat, a loss of 12,000,000 bushels for the month of July, and a gain of 10,000,000 bushels over the final returns of last year, and is 6,000,000 bushels above the average.

Based on these figures there is sufficient wheat this season for domestic requirements and to permit 250,000,000 bushels being exported to Europe.

A corn crop of 3,017,000,000 bushels exceeds the July estimate 157,000,000 bushels and is 63,000,000 bushels short of last year. It is the fourth largest on record. Oats yields were increased 64,000,000 bushels over the indicated crop in July and the crop is 1,251,000,000 bushels, or 90,000,000 bushels more than last year.

A record crop of hay estimated at 93,100,000 tons, is being harvested, surpassing the record made in 1919 by 1,300,000 tons.

The second largest crop of white potatoes ever grown was reported in prospect, the total production being forecast at 440,000,000 bushels, or 2,000,000 bushels less than the record crop of 1917.

Federal Government After Cancer Cure

The government is to begin an investigation into the causes of cancer.

Dr. J. W. Scherechewsky, assistant surgeon general of the Public Health service, officials said, has been designated to make the inquiry and will establish headquarters in Boston where it is planned to seek the cooperation of leading medical men and utilize the facilities there for collecting data.

The Public Health service, officials declared, will try to put cancer, which they asserted is responsible for one in every eight deaths occuring after the age of 45, into the same category as typhus, malaria, pellagra, and other diseases brought under control by government scientists.

Million Children, 10 to 15, Working

More than a milion American children between 10 and 15 years of age are engaged in gainful occupation, 1,060,858 being the exact figure, says a census bureau report.

Out of every thousand boys between those ages, 113 were recorded as employed either on their own account or for wages, while 5.6 per cent of the girls were so employed. The report showed a decrease since 1910 or 54.8 per cent from the number of children employed in agriculture, 60.2 per cent in mining and 29 per cent in manufacturing and mechanical industries.

Penrose Assistant Dies in Washington

William B. Stewart, assistant clerk of the senate finance committee and for many years a familiar figure at the capitol, died suddenly Tuesday in his Washington home.

Mr. Stewart was right-hand man to the late Senator Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania and it was he who conducted for Senator Penrose, then seriously ill at his home in Pennsylvania, the long distance telephone negotiations with Republican party leaders at the Chicago convention in 1920 which preceded the nomination of President Harding.

41,000 Hands Asked in Canada Harvest

Forty-one thousand harvest hands will be required to handle the grain crop in the prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta this year, it was announced as the result of a conference here of representatives of the railways, provincial labor commissioners and grain trade interests. Wages agreed on at the meeting were $3.50 a day for harvesters and $4 a day for threshers.

Senator's Wife Dead

Mrs. Nicholine Jacobson Nelson, wife of Senator Nelson, Minnesota, died early Wednesday after a long illness. She was a native of Norway and married Senator Nelson in

RAIL WORKERS STILL AT WAR WITH BOSSES

Brotherhood Chiefs Working to Avoid General Strikes; President Said to Be After Square Deal.

While the railroad strike is apparently growing worse instead of better, efforts are still being made to bring about a settlement. Leading in the work to avoid a general strike are the big brotherhood chiefs who have been in conference with President Harding. The President is represented as seeking a square deal for the rail workers.

Up to Monday night all efforts to settle the strike had fallen flat. President Harding's latest effort collapsed on the seniority issue, leaving the country to face the prospect of a national tieup.

The majority of the railway executives, according to their answer to the President, proposed to reinstate the strikers "where vacancies exist" or to place them in similar positions, but insisted the railroad labor board should review and decide the problem of seniority.

The minority report insisted that only enough men be taken back "to fill vacancies."

Big Four Meets Failure.

Efforts of the heads of the Big Four brotherhoods, in the role of mediators for the shopmen, in a final conference with the committee of the Association of Railroad Executives, brought about, it is understood, at the suggestion of President Harding.

At that conference the brotherhood officials proposed that the issue of seniority, instead of being referred back to the railroad labor board, as President Harding suggested, be submitted to some form of outside arbitration. That was their only suggestion.

It was emphatically rejected by the railroad executives, who insisted that they must stand their ground on the seniority issue and that railroad employes, under the decision of the railroad labor board, when they go on strike in defiance of the board's rulings automatically cease to be employes of the railroads or within the jurisdiction of the board and lose their seniority status.

It was following this failure that the brotherhood leaders sought a conference with the President in seeking other means of bringing about a settlement.

Managements Not Involved.

Representatives of the railroad managements apparently were not involved in the continued union mediation efforts and Fairfax Harrison, president of the Southern, issued a statement from the road's general headquarters that his company would now attempt to break the strike by employing new men.

Acting apart from all other railroads, the Southern, he said, had hitherto tried "to so operate our property that our men could honorably return to work," but had been unable to effect a compromise.

"We must now turn to employing others, for the road must run," Mr. Harrison concluded. "If it means war to run the Southern railway, then let us have it now—not later."

An Isolated Town.

One direct result of the strike which furnishes an example of what is possible should it become general.

For two days Las Vegas, Nev., has been without trains, mail service or food supply, the supply having been low before the tie-up started. State police, armed with machine guns, were expected momentarily, but officers feared an out break before reinforcements arrived.

Approximately 150 persons, railroad shop employes, guards and their wives and children, were virtually prisoners in a railroad stockade and Union Pacific strikers were maintaining pickets outside.

Ohio Potato Crop Slightly Below Par

Berries and vegetables are in good condition in Ohio, while the beet sugar crop and Irish potatoes are slightly below the average condition, according to C. J. West, state-federal crop reporter. Sweet potatoes and field beans are better than usual this year. Watermelons and canteloupes remain about the same as reported a month ago, equaling the 10-year average. West also reports that the acreage in soy beans in Ohio has increased from 10 to 15 per cent this year. The greatest increase is noted over the western counties of the state.

Hungry Tigers Kill 5 Adults, 3 Babes

A pack of tigers, driven from their mountain lairs by hunger, attacked three families who were traveling from Puerto Vallatar to Mascota, state of Jalisco, killing three women, two men, two small boys and a baby, says El Universal Grafico, Mexico City.

Natives who went to the rescue fought the tigers, killing one of them. The remainder escaped to the mountains.

OHIO MAN IS KILLED BY MEXICAN BANDITS

Guy Marks of Columbus, Ohio, was killed and G. F. Martin of San Antonio, Texas, was wounded by bandits near Mapimi, in the state of Durango, Mexico, last Friday, says a dispatch to the state department Thursday from Consul Donaldson at Torreon. The authorities were reported in pursuit of the bandits.

WORLD-HISTORY IN THE MAKING

THERE IS ONE WORD that describes the present situation, industrial and political—local and world-wide. The word is "strife." It means contention, struggle, contest. We have had strife in war and we are having it in peace. To strive is not always undesirable. It means ambition and emulation, and is necessary in the pursuit of happiness. Yet many injustices are done and many crimes are committed as a result of unholy strife.

The present strikes are an outgrowth of strife between two contending forces, each determined to win. They have grown bitter toward each other.

As this is written an early settlement of the labor war is not beyond hope. The situation has grown more and more desperate with each day of delay. Much damage has been done. There is a tremendous loss of money and the business of the country has been seriously interrupted. Perhaps conditions are as bad now as either side wants them to be. Before these lines are read the outlook may be brighter. The coal strike seems on the way to early settlement. Both sides seem tired enough to reason.

Harding a Peacemaker.

President Harding was busy with railroad executives and their employes together.

The President has been criticized by both sides. That is the penalty that goes with his high office. He has been urged to take drastic steps, but he is not inclined to precipitate a catastrophe while there is a gleam of hope for a peaceful settlement.

President Harding is a peacemaker. He stands for the righteousness of conciliation. The word "strife," so far as it makes bitter antagonisms, is not in his dictionary. To him strife means ambition and peaceful progress in the pursuit of happiness.

If the President can bring about an end to the present war by the use of conciliatory methods he will have earned the respect of the public. Drastic measures could easily prolong the agony, and in any event the end would be bitter.

Fight Against Unionism.

The stumbling block in the way of ending the rail strike is the question of seniority—should the men, going back to work, have their rights restored. The railroad executives have said "no." The strikers have not been willing to go back on other terms.

There is ground for much argument on both sides of this problem. The rail executives have asserted that by restoring the priority rights of the striking shopmen they would be doing an injustice to the men who remained on the job and to the men who went to work when the strikers quit.

All members of organized labor see back of this attitude the purpose of destroying unionism. Was that the object of the railroad managers when they refused to accept President Harding's proposal for settlement? Did the employers see in this circumstance an opportunity to destroy the unions? Whether or not that was the aim, that would be the result of a settlement on their terms. There would be no virtue left in unionism if the labor organizations could not protect the priority rights of their members. Defeat on this point would be a step toward destruction.

Unions Not a Menace.

This paper cannot look upon organized labor as a menace to the country. Unionism is not a thing to be destroyed. It has often created strife, but it has many fine accomplishments to its credit. It has set up and maintained high standards of workmanship; it has brought about better working conditions; it has been instrumental in raising the scale of wages above pauperism; and all laborers, union and non-advanced ideas. Unionism has been a vital force in bringing about the enactment of progressive, humane laws that have helped to raise the standard of American citizenship.

Unions have not always been right, nor are they always wrong. It might not be the best thing for the country if they could always have their own way, no more than it would be a good thing for the country if capital always could have its own way. Given full power, either capital or labor, under conscienceless leadership, would become arrogant and intolerable.

Room for Both in America.

There will be room for both capital and labor in America just so long as America remains the kind of country it is today. Both are ecessary to the advancement of the nation.

Capital has its organizations and labor has its unions. Both of these forces can exist and still remain American. That seems the vital point to us—to remain distinctly American, though recurring differences of opinion and problems put them in an attitude of antagonism.

Strife is unavoidable, but it can be softened with justice. Both sides should never forget that this is their country, and that

THOMPSON AN EASY WINNER IN OHIO RACE

Republicans Put Good Ticket in Field for November Election—Wets Defeated.

Outstanding features of the result of the primary election in Ohio:

The easy victory of Thompson, the progressive candidate liked by the Harding administration.

The nomination of Congressman Fess for the United States senate, and the defeat of the wets.

Carmi A. Thompson of Cleveland was nominated for governor on the Republican ticket after a campaign conducted with the endorsement of the Harding administration. A. V. Donahey of New Philadelphia, running on his record as auditor of the state, was selected as the Democratic standard bearer. Neither brought to the fore issues which were regarded as likely to attract widespread interest so far as state affairs were concerned and political leaders are predicting freely that the result of the November election will hinge in a large degree upon the opinion of voters on national policies.

While the wet and dry issue, one of the paramount questions in the primaries, was considered as definitely disposed of in most cases, through the selection of candidates, its revival was expected to be shown to some extent in the senatorial race. In this contest, Senator Atlee Pomerene of Canton opposed Simeon D. Fess of Yellow Springs, who received the strong endorsement of the dry organization. Policies of the national administration also were expected to be issues in this contest, but it was conceded that the prohibition question will be an element to be taken seriously.

Candidates who leaned toward the wet side of the prohibition question ran well in the large cities, but the voters of the small town and rural districts clung to their faith in the Eighteenth amendment and the Volstead law.

Congressional Lineup.

The congressional lineup for November as the result of Tuesday's primary will be:

1st—Nicholas Longworth, R., Cincinnati; S. G. Sticker, D., Cincinnati.
2nd—A. E. B. Stephens, R., Cincinnati; J. R. Quans, D., Cincinnati.
3rd—Roy G. Fitzgerald, R., Dayton; Warren Gard, D., Hamilton.
4th—John L. Cable, R., Lima; J. H. Goeke, D., Wapakoneta.
5th—C. J. Thomson, R., Defiance; Frank Kniffin, D., Napoleon.
6th—C. C. Kearns, R., Batavia; W. N. Gableman, D., Portsmouth.
7th—Charles Brand, R., Urbana; C. B. Zimmerman, D., Springfield.
8th—R. Clint Cole, R., Findlay; H. H. Hartman, D., Galion.
9th—W. W. Chalmers, R., Toledo; I. R. Sherwood, D., Toledo.
10th—I. M. Foster, R., Athens; John Sharp, D., Nelsonville.
11th—E. D. Ricketts, R., Logan; Mell G. Underwood, D., New Lexington.
12th—John C. Speaks, R., Columbus; H. Sage, Valentine, D., Columbus.
13th—James T. Begg, R., Sandusky; A. W. Overmyer, D., Fremont.
14th—F. H. Whittemore, R., Akron; M. L. Davey, D., Kent.
15th—C. Ellis Moore, R., Cambridge; J. R. Alexander, D., Zanesville.
16th—J. H. Himes, R., Canton; John S. McSweeney, D., Wooster.
17th—W. E. Morgan, R., Newark; W. A. Ashbrook, D., Johnstown.
18th—B. F. Murphy, R., Steubenville; Marion Huffman, D., Belleaire.
19th—John G. Cooper, R., Youngstown; C. J. Jackson, D., Youngstown.
20th—M. G. Norton, R., Cleveland; C. A. Mooney, D., Cleveland.
21st—H. C. Gahn, R., Cleveland; Robert Crosser, D., Cleveland.
22nd—Theodore Burton, R., Cleveland; W. J. Seoul, D., Cleveland.

Ohio's G. O. P. Leader

CARMI A. THOMPSON of Cleveland was an easy winner in the race for the gubernatorial race against a field of eight candidates. His closest competitor was Congressman Charles L. Knight of Akron, who made a vigorous campaign.

DRIVES BIG NAIL IN HEAD; LIVES

Farmer Tries to End His Life but Doctors Says It's Miracle.

Nothing short of a miracle is the case of Albert Gardner, 59, farmer near Defiance, Ohio, who is recovering from an attempted suicide by driving a two and a half-inch nail straight down into the top of his head, Dr. Fred W. Watkins stated Saturday. By a coincident the nail happened to follow the fissure between the two brain hemispheres. Gardner never lost consciousness.

Seven hours after the temporarily demented man had pounded the spike into his head with an iron wedge he told his wife what he had done. Dr. Watkins located the nail, but fearing death when it would be withdrawn called Coroner G. E. Winn. To both physicians' surprise no violent hemorrhage followed.

No surgeon in the world could duplicate the feat which Gardner, in his temporary mental unbalance, accomplished by accident, the attending physicians declare.

Sickness of many years is said to be the cause of Gardner's attempt.

First Suit on Wreck Filed

The first damage suit resulting from the wreck of Missouri Pacific passenger trains in Sulphur Springs, Mo., was filed against the railroad company by Mrs. Bitha Smith, mother of Paul Smith, 11, who was seriously injured in the wreck. The suit asks damages of $65,000.

BRITONS ADMIT FRENCH CLAIMS

Allied Premiers May Have Temporary Solution for Germany.

The British cabinet was urgently summoned into session at noon Saturday to consider a report from the allied experts who had been working upon terms for the proopsed indemnity moratorium for Germany. Optimism over possibility of a temporary settlement is growing. There is little hope that a permanent solution of the indemnity problem will be found.

The experts were in session nearly half the night discussing the proposals that had been made Friday afternoon by Premier Lloyd George of Britain; Premier Theunis of Belgium, and Premier Poincare of France.

It is understood Lloyd George has made some concessions to the French especially in regard to control of German coal fields and state-owned forests and stricter supervision of German finances.

If the moratorium is arranged it probably will run only a few months instead of two years as Germany requested.

Cork Burns as Free State Troops Enter

The National forces entered the city of Cork, says an official announcement from Dublin. Patrick street, the Victoria hotel, the military barracks and the newspaper offices are aflame following a dynamite explosion which blew up many buildings.

REPARATIONS AGREEMENT IS BEING DELAYED

British and French Premiers Fail to Get Together in Matter of German August Settlement.

Allied premiers, who have been discussing the German reparations question for a week, adjourned Monday without reaching any agreement or making arrangements for another meeting.

Premier Poincare of France and Lloyd George were as far apart as ever in their views of the situation. They separated after a discussion of two and a half hours.

French officials said they thought an agreement was impossible and that the conference would dissolve without having reached an understanding. The French and British premiers parted with the intention of studying the situation until tomorrow. Each appeared reluctant to break up the conference but neither was inclined to yield.

When asked whether the conference had broken up Sir Edward Grigg, Lloyd George's private secretary, said he was not sure.

Time Extension Allowed.

Paris reports that the reparations commission Monday decided to postpone the Aug. 15 payment of 50,000,000 gold marks by Germany until a decision has been reached by allied premiers.

This action was taken in view of the fact that Germany was promised a decision regarding a moratorium Monday, which apparently was impossible unless it should be reached by the premiers at a late hour.

The decision to leave in suspense the August payment was unanimously taken after members of the commission had been instructed by their governments.

The impression in commission circles was the premiers would grant a short moratorium, even though they did not reach a complete understanding, and this respite could continue until another meeting had arrived at a comprehensive settlement.

Deported From Alsace.

Berlin says that reports from the Alsatian frontier indicate considerable physical and financial hardships are being imposed on German families, who are being deported across the Rhine.

The minister of the interior has authorized the German Red Cross to establish receiving stations in Baden, where refugees are given assistance. The first deported Germans have arrived at Kehl, Baden. They say they were served with expulsion orders late Friday, which allowed them less than 12 hours to pack their hand-baggage, which was all they were permitted to take. None was permitted to dispose of household goods or other chattels.

The local French authorities claim that they are not in a position to modify the expulsion orders, as they emanate from Paris with instructions that they shall be carried out on short notice.

Duke, Without Cash, Is Selling Estate

The Duke of Northumberland is hard up, as are many other members of the old nobility in these days of excessive taxation, and is compelled to retrench like many untitled folk in order to make both ends meet.

He has sold many of his northern properties, including several large hotels. To a wealthy Paris art dealer he recently rented his magnificent mansion on the Thames, near Kew. It is one of the biggest residences in the country.

And still the duke feels the necessity of cutting down expenses. He has decided to close Alnwick Castle, which has been the Northumberland home of the Percys since early in the 14th century. He will retain only a few rooms in the castle for use when he and the Duchess are in the north. The rest of the place will be shut up. The shooting on the estate is to be let.

BIG BUSINESS MAN MARRIES OPERA SINGER

Harold McCormick, Chicago Manufacturer, and Madame Ganna Walska Are Wed in Paris.

Harold F. McCormick, multi-millionaire manufacturer of Chicago, and Madame Ganna Walska, beautiful Polish grand opera singer, were married last Friday morning.

A civil marriage ceremony was performed by the mayor of Paris. The witnesses were Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Field Malone and Charles F. F. Bertelli, a newspaper writer.

McCormick is the father of 17-year-old Mathilde McCormick who has just gone from Paris to Switzerland to meet her suitor, Major Max Oser, 47-year-old riding master. McCormick's first wife, Edith Rockefeller McCormick whom he married Nov. 26, 1895, obtained a divorce from him. She is a daughter of John D. Rockefeller.

Divorces Wealthy Man.

Madame Walska has just been divorced from Alexander Cochran, formerly known as the richest bachelor in the United States. He is the owner of a great carpet making industry at Yonkers, N. Y., but spends a great deal of his time abroad.

The married life of Cochran and the beautiful Polish woman lasted less than a year. Madame Walska came to Paris and established a residence here. In the meantime action for divorce was taken.

McCormick met Madame Walska when she was with the Chicago Opera Co. an institution of which he was a liberal patron. Even before Madame Walska got her divorce it was reported that McCormick was in love with her and would marry her if the opportunity offered.

Has Delicate Surgery.

McCormick underwent a delicate operation several months ago in Chicago. As soon as he recovered he came to Paris. He is said by his friends to have been greatly benefitted by the operation.

Dudley Field Malone, attorney for Madame Walska announced 10 days ago that his client had received her divorce, but said it had not been made final. This action was expected within a short time, but public notice was not made of the fact.

Mrs. McCormick, first wife of the bridegroom is in Chicago. It was reported she was to remarry and that her choice was her secretary, a citizen of Switzerland. This report was never confirmed.

Mrs. McCormick and her daughters, Mathilde and Muriel, lived for many years in Switzerland.

The wedding of Mr. McCormick in Paris is not legal under the Illinois law, as he has been divorced less than a year. If Mr. McCormick and his new bride return to Chicago it will be necessary, it is said, to have another ceremony performed after Jan. 12, 1923, when the year from his divorce by Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick will have elapsed.

NORTHCLIFFE DIES OF POISON

Continued From Page One

try and introduction of compulsory food rations.

However, he accepted the post of director of propaganda in enemy countries.

With the armistice and the subsequent appointment of Winston Churchill as minister of munitions, Northcliffe, who had long been hostile to Churchill, turned against Lloyd George and attacked him. This incident was pointed to as in keeping with the previous attitude of Northcliffe who, it was said, never failed to criticize friend or foe alike if he deemed their action in public life justified it.

Northcliffe was ill when the armistice was signed. His illness was diagnosed as due to adenoma of the thyroid gland, for which he had an operation in June, 1919. Although incapacitated he exerted considerable influence on the British government during the peace conference at Versailles.

Newspapers Boycotted.

Plans were made early in 1921 for a world tour. The start was delayed until July because of labor trouble involving the publishing industry and a renewal of hostilities between Lloyd George and himself. Northcliffe attacked the motives of the premier and Marquis Curzon in desiring to represent Great Britain at the Washington arms conference. As a result of this attack government news was barred from the Northcliffe press. Northcliffe sailed for America, defying the boycott.

Born in Chapelizod, Ireland, July 15, 1865, Alfred Charles William Harmsworth, Viscount Northcliffe, started his career as a subordinate editor in a publishing house, writing answers to correspondents. This suggested to him a newspaper career, which he embarked upon by publication of a weekly magazine called "Answers." Succeeding in this and other ventures in publication, he eventually founded the London Daily Mail, the first London morning newspaper to sell for a half penny. He is said to have been owner of 60 periodicals having a circulation of 20,000,000 copies.

In 1888 he married Miss Mary Elizabeth Milner, daughter of Robert Milner of Kindlington and St. Vincent. His daughter was the wife of Lucas W. King, principal of a medical school at Madras. One of Northcliffe's brothers was Baron Rothermere of Hemstead, who, with another brother, Hildebrand, was associated with Northcliffe in journalism.

He Leads Dead Man

Complete returns from the Seventh congressional district indicated that W. C. Salmon defeated the late Congressman Lemuel P. Padgett for the Democratic nomination. Earlier returns gave Padgett, although dead, the nomination by several hundred votes. He died the day before the primary, Aug. 3. The lead of Mr. Salmon is only 51 votes in 10 counties.

NEWS FROM CAPITAL

What Congress Is Doing

Announcement is made of the agreement between the United States and Germany providing for the determination of the amount of claims against Germany. The agreement provides for a claims commission, to be composed of two commissioners and an umpire. Associate Justice Day of the United States supreme court has been chosen by President Harding as the umpire. Germany wanted an American as umpire.

President Harding has intervened in the senate fight over the flexible tariff provisions, outlining to the senators summoned to the White House the desirability of elasticity in the tariff during the present shifting world conditions.

Senator Watson of Indiana predicts senate will make short work of passing McCumber bonus bill when tariff bill is disposed of.

Army engineers allot only $20,000 of river and harbor appropriation for fiscal year to Chicago river and $40,000 to Chicago harbor; $100,000 for Calumet harbor; $140,000 for Illinois river.

White House announces that negotiations with Mexico are progressing favorably and state department is pleased with receipt of translation of Mexican court decisions holding that article 27 of Mexican constitution is not retroactive; decisions, it is believed, will hasten Mexican recognition.

Official proof of the friendship of the United States for the new German republic, together with wishes for its peace, happiness and prosperity, was given by President Harding when he sent a telegram of felicitation to President Ebert on the occasion of the third anniversary of the establishment of the government now headed by Herr Ebert. Following is the telegram:

"President Ebert, Berlin, Germany: On this anniversary of the day when Germany adopted the republican form of government I am happy to express to you my sincere good wishes, and my hope that the great German republic may steadily go forward along the paths of peace which lead to good understanding and prosperity and happiness."

William A. Mearns, formerly a broker in Washington, stepped from the District of Columbia jail after having been held there three years for contempt of court. Judge Hitz ordered Mearns released when he said he had no funds with which to pay the court $4,000 involved in civil proceedings, for which he was ordered to jail in 1919.

General Pedro Nel Ospina, inaugurated a few days ago as president of Colombia, has chosen a cabinet in sympathy with the new president's policy of strengthening the renewed friendly relations with the United States and building up the commercial intercourse between the two countries.

The senate has approved, 34 to 19, a flexible plan under which the President's authority to increase or decrease tariff rates would expire July 1, 1924.

The senate has approved an increase of three-tenths of a cent a pound in the tariff on sugar; rejected a plan for a government bounty of 9,500,000 for domestic potash producers and rescinded its former action in voting an import of two cents a pound on white arsenic. Potash and white arsenic are placed on the free list.

MRS. M'CORMICK ALSO WILL WED

Will Marry 28-Year-Old Swiss Architect, Is Reported.

Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick will marry Edward Krenn, 28-year-old Swiss architect and landscape gardener, in Chicago in February, said information from an authoritative source Saturday close to the councils involving both sides of the divided home of the McCormicks.

Met on Steamer.

Mrs. Edith McCormick will be 50 years old on the 31st of this month. She was born Aug. 31, 1872.

Mr. Krenn came to the United States on the same boat as Mrs. McCormick and has been living at the Drake hotel ever since.

Mr. Krenn has been associated with Mrs. McCormick's interests for several years. They met during Mrs. McCormick's early association with Dr. Jung's colony in Zurich, Switzerland, and their chance acquaintance ripened into a closer bond during the intervening years.

When she came to this country Mrs. McCormick brought the young architect over and set him to work on plans for the extensive zoological gardens she has donated to Cook county and which are to be located in the forest preserve near this city.

To Live in Chicago.

Unlike her former husband, Harold McCormick, who married Ganna Walska, famous Polish grand opera singer, in Paris last Friday, Mrs. McCormick plans to continue a resident of Chicago and has set her wedding date to conform to the laws of the state forbidding a marriage of divorced persons within a year after the signing of the separation decree.

It also became known that the marriage of Miss Mathilde McCormick, daughter of Harold McCormick and Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick, and Max Oser, Swiss riding master, would take place within the next few days, and that it was because of the imminence of Mathilde's impending nuptials that her father hastened his marriage in order that he and his bride might witness his daughter's wedding.

SWEDES ENACT DAYS OF OLD

Party Will Come to U. S. in Boat Similar to One Fathers Used.

One of the most romantic adventures of the Swedes during the early seventeenth century—the foundation of the first Swedish colony in America—will be enacted next Summer, if plans under way in Gothenburg materialize. It is proposed to reproduce an exact, full-sized model of the "Kalmare Nyckel"—the "Key of Kalmar," the vessel in which the first Swedish immigrants to the New World crossed the Atlantic to Delaware in 1638, and to sail it to America.

In order to add interest to this event it is planned that the crew and passengers be made up of American descendants of the early Swedish settlers along the Delaware river and of the descendants of later immigrants. Even the vessel itself is to be built by Swedish Americans, and the crew and passengers will be in early 17th century costumes. The new Kalmare Nyckel is to be sailed over the same course as taken by the original immigrant vessel which landed on the shores of the Delaware river more than a century and a quarter before the American revolution.

It thus is purposed suitably to commemorate the coming of the Swedish immigrants to what is now Delaware, and to call attention to the advancement and good fortune of Swedish immigrants and their descendants in America. The project was suggested to the management of the Gothenburg exposition, which is now in preparation and which will be held next May to celebrate the 300th anniversary of the founding of Gothenburg by King Gustavus Adolphus.

MICHIGAN FACES WET-DRY FIGHT

Liberals Delay Action on Beer Amendment; Drys Are Active.

The wet and dry question is expected to play a leading part in the political drama that will be enacted in Michigan this year.

Decision of the Michigan division of the National Association Opposed to Prohibition not to submit to the voters next Fall a proposed amendment permitting the sale of beer and light wines within the state in the event of the Volstead act's modification, leaves this organization free to press its fight in the various senatorial, congressional and legislative campaigns, it was indicated.

In announcing submission of a light wine and beer amendment would be postponed, at least until the state election in the Spring of 1923, Robert Wardell of Detroit, secretary of the anti-prohibition organization, declared his group would concern itself in every division of the campaign in Michigan this year, both in the primaries and general election.

This announcement followed one by the state division of the Anti-Saloon league, that said the drys were busy checking the record of every candidate for public office and would make a flat-footed declaration concerning the league's stand on each candidate some time before the days set for balloting. The league already has undertaken its investigation of each candidate, it is announced, and declarations are expected within a short time.

The wet forces announced their decision to withhold submission of a beer and wine amendment was made because at the time there was a possibility that the so-called anti-parochial school amendment would require an affirmative vote for passage, while the wet amendment would require the same sort of an expression. The fear was expressed by the wets, Wardell said, that those opposed to the school amendment might vote "no" on all questions to make sure they had registered opposition to the one.

Minnie Hauk, Once an Opera Star, Blind

Once the bright-eyed Carmen whose voice thrilled opera lovers 40 years ago, Minnie Hauk, now the Baroness Von Hesse-Wartegg, is totally blind at her little home in Lucerne, Switzerland.

Only a few months ago the baroness, whose sight had been failing for seven years, submitted to an operation in Paris, hoping that her eyes would become normal. After the operation and in the belief that it had been successful a celebration was held in her home. The celebration over, she discovered that the hope she entertained had been vain. She has to depend upon the service of attendants for her little wants.

Minnie Hauk was the first to sing the role of Carmen in the United States.

Woman Stunt Flier Surprises Teacher

Mrs. George Metzger, wife of Dr. George Metzger, 1018 Chestnut street, Pittsburgh, startled her friends at the Cape May shore, N. J., by doing a nose dive and falling leaf while piloting an airplane at a height of about 1,000 feet. Mrs. Metzger had been taking lessons in flying from a former British ace, Captain Jack Robertson, who had nine German planes to his credit in the world war. Captain Robertson was with her while she "stunted," but knew nothing of her intentions, he said.

Captain Robertson said Mrs. Metzger "coaxed" him into permitting her to operate the plane and soon she attained an altitude of 1,000 feet, from which she proceeded to do the "stunts." Mrs. Metzger is a guest at the Hotel Lafayette.

Hoover Works on Birthday

Secretary Hoover celebrated his 48th birthday August 11. Commerce department officials declared the only notice he took of the anniversary was to be busier than ever.

"111" cigarettes

10¢

They are GOOD!

TAFT CRITICIZES WORK OF COURTS

Chief Justice Tells Bar Association of Changes That Are Needed.

Failures of justice in this country, especially in state courts, have been more largely due to withholding of power from judges over proceedings before them than to any other cause, Chief Justice Howard Taft told the annual convention of the American Bar association recently. "And yet judges have to bear the brunt of the criticism which is so general as to results of present court action," he added.

Discussing "possible and needed reforms in administration of civil justice in the civil courts," Chief Justice Taft urged judges be given powers commensurate with their responsibility.

Their capacity to reform matters should be tried to see whether better results may be attained, he said. "Federal judges doubtless have their faults but they are not chiefly responsible for defects of the administration of justice in federal courts. Let congress give them an opportunity to show what can be done by vesting in them sufficient discretion for the purpose."

The chief justice said dependence upon action of congress to effect reform to remove delays and to bring about speed in the administration of justice has not brought the best results.

Justice Taft discussed two measures pending before congress designed to speed work of federal courts and approved them. The first would create additional judgeships and the second increase discretionary appellate jurisdiction vested in the supreme court. He urged abolition of two separate courts, one of equity and one of law, in consideration of civil cases.

Romantic Earl at Work

The 20-year-old Earl of Kinnoull, who was sent away from England to prevent his marrying a pretty widow, has arrived in Capetown and gone to work.

$$ Cash—Real Money—and a Steady Job! $$

If you can write Short Stories, Serial Stories, News Items, Jokes we want them every month and will pay Cash for them. For a big New Magazine. Get yourself in print. The opportunity you want. We don't want any money. We want the copy. Send your address today for instruction sheet. Address "BUSINESS," Box 637, Steubenville, Ohio.

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SQUEEZED TO DEATH

When the body begins to stiffen and movement becomes painful it is usually an indication that the kidneys are out of order. Keep these organs healthy by taking

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Famous since 1696. Take regularly and keep in good health. In three sizes, all druggists. Guaranteed as represented. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

FREE TO Pile Sufferers

Don't Be Cut—Until You Try This New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time. Simply Chew up a Pleasant Tasting Tablet Occasionally and Rid Yourself of Piles.

Let Me Prove This Free

My internal method for the treatment and permanent relief of piles is the correct one. Thousands upon thousands of grateful letters testify to this, and I want you to try this method at my expense.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is chronic or acute, whether it is occasional or permanent, you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live—no matter what your age or occupation—if you are troubled with piles, my method will relieve you promptly.

I especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of ointments, salves, and other local applications have failed.

I want you to realize that my method of treating piles is the one most dependable treatment.

This liberal offer of free treatment is too important for you to neglect a single day. Write now. Send no money. Simply mail the coupon—but do this now—TODAY.

Free Pile Remedy
E. R. Page,
423-H Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.
Please send free trial of your Method to:
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.....

30 ARE KILLED IN JULY BLAZES

Ohio's Fire Marshal Tells of Dangers and Warns Against Carelessness.

Thirty persons met death by fire and fire causes during July; 87 were injured and the number of dead was the same as in July, 1921, says the monthly report of State Fire Marshal Dykeman. Of the injured, 35 were children, 20 of these being hurt by gun powder and fire works. Six children were killed by fireworks.

The report continued:

"In May, Ohio had 263 fires from all causes, and the loss was $367,366. In the same month in 1921 we had 387 fires, and the loss was $548,928. This is encouraging, especially as we had fewer fires. Electricity, smokers' carelessness and spontaneous combustion were the main offenders.

"Now is the time to look out for oily rags, grain piles, green hay and other agents subject to spontaneous combustion.

"In May, the incendiary blazes dropped to two with $3,200 loss.

"In June, 1922, there were 99 less fires than in the corresponding month last year, and the property loss fell from $489,213 to $393,097. Lightning played a big part this June in the number of fires and the property loss. There were 16 fires on buildings not protected with lightning rods, and none reported on structures properly protected. Matches, sparks from threshers and outdoor fires, and electricity were the main property destroyers.

"There were three incendiary fires in June, but the loss was only $350."

Wireless Aids Waving

A Chicago beauty parlor has installed radiophone outfits so its patrons can listen in while their hair is marcelled or permanently waved.

SHORT ENDS OF WORLD NEWS

CLARENCE M'ATEE, 10-year old boy mute since his birth, suddenly was able to speak after praying for it at the altar of a tented church where evangelistic services had been carried on by the Pentecostal denomination in Broad Oaks, W. Va.

"Dux" Benito Mussolini, supreme chief of the million fire-eating Fascisti of Italy, orders this militant enemy of Italian Reds and Pinks to demobilize at direction of Roman government.

Allied experts are studying business possibilities of French plan for "receivership" for Germany.

Foreign trade reports by United States department of commerce show that exports of raw materials, foodstuffs and manufactures slumped heavily during year ending June 30.

Two killed, one missing and five hurt when mysterious blast in hold No. 3 rocks liner Adriatic, 890 miles off New York.

Mrs. Meda Hodell, bride of a year, confesses murdering her husband and father-in-law near White Cloud, Mich.

The arrest of a man and woman by Canadian police may clear up the case of Ambrose Small, Toronto theatrical millionaire, who disappeared in December, 1919.

Encouraging reports from the Cleveland conference and information that influence of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and his coal mine interests were enlisted in an effort to end the controversy, strengthened the confidence of the administration that the coal strike would be settled within a few days.

At a meeting of governors, or their representatives, of seven states, Governor Blaine of Wisconsin urged government seizure and operation of coal mines.

Dozens of mail trains were stopped and more than 2,200 passengers were stalled in Arizona deserts by strike of Big Four members.

PRAISE of the Harding administration, advocacy of a protective tariff and attacks on the Ku Klux Klan characterized addresses before the opening session of the biennial convention of the Texas Republicans. Every such reference was greeted with cheering from the 250 delegates.

Six of crew perish when British cruiser Raleigh grounds off Labrador.

Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt sees grave danger to the country in the continuation of the coal miners' strike.

Condemning America's entrance into World war and denouncing England, LaFollette and his family continue to stump Wisconsin, seeking his renomination.

Prime Minister W. L. MacKenzie King announces Canada wants to negotiate for reciprocity with the United States, and awaits only a sympathetic attitude by Washington.

Irish rebels' destruction of cable terminals almost isolates Europe from America.

Mine strikers and labor at Terre Haute demand impeachment of governor for using troops to guard strikebreakers.

Chicago school board passes annual budget of $31,078,127, due eight months ago; $2,000,000 added to care for increase in pay of teachers.

There was talk after the Ohio primary that Homer Durand, wet Republican candidate for the gubernatorial nomination, would run independently. The talk was among the wets; it did not come from Durand.

Belgians and Italians make desperate efforts to compose differences between France and England, each of which thinks other bluffing.

The Bar association meeting in San Francisco hears report advising education to restore faith in the courts and constitution.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, well-known Kansas editor and author, has resigned his position as editorial writer for Judge, New York humorous publication. Mr. White explains that he can no longer consistently hold the position, because of Judge's policy of supporting a beer and light wine amendment to the Volstead act.

Irish rebels slash cable communications with United States. Peace between rebels and Free Staters and Ulster near at hand, is general belief.

Dr. Steinmetz, electrical wizard, tells radio fans power some day may be transmitted through air.

A three-handed peace conference between China, Japan and Siberia is gonng forward with much secrecy.

Railways of the middle west and many industries throughout the country are beginning to feel the coal shortage.

A "singing cure" for stammering has been discovered by Dr. Charles W. Chapman, an eminent British specialist. Dr. Chapman suffered from stammering and found that he did not stammer when singing. He came to the conclusion that this was due to his deep respiration and after taking a deep breath and continued practice in slow speaking he has cured himself of the stammering fault.

Foes of the Ku Klux Klan are to hold national conference in Chicago to lay plans for opposing spread of the mystic order.

Two Chicago auto men die when their plane falls in flames doing nose dives over Naperville, occupants burned to crisp.

La Follette says he never left the Republican party, but that the party left him, and that he will reclaim it if it will give him a chance.

Women are expected to decide G. O. P. primary in Wisconsin, where Senator La Follette is fighting Dr. Ganfield's dry ticket.

RURAL WELFARE

EDITED BY A. P. SANDLES

THE BAD EGG—
The Summer Time Hen

The egg crop is a big one. It ought to be a good one. Swat the rooster in Summer time. Unfertile eggs are good eggs longer than the fertile egg. Divorce hen and rooster during the hot season. Get top price for hen fruit when you put eggs on the market.

Make eggs better should be the slogan of hen owners everywhere. Good humored eggs bring more money than eggs with a grouch. A little difference in an egg is always a big difference. There are no half way stations in the quality of an egg.

Here is a Missouri state egg campaign story. It will interest and fit egg growers everywhere. The county agent should be a big brother to the old hen in laying season. Read this "Houn Dog State" story and govern yourself accordingly. Here it is:

The largest, and what seems to be generally recognized as the greatest, egg campaign ever initiated and put into operation by any one state, has begun in Missouri under the administration of the State Marketing bureau of the Board of Agriculture, and the field force now at work have dates extending to October 1, reaching 350 towns.

Better eggs from the farm, better eggs from the country exchange, merchant or dealer will result in placing better eggs in the hands of the consumer. Better eggs mean better prices and a greater consumption of the product, according to State Marketing Commissioner Arthur T. Nelson.

Eighteen well-trained egg candlers and graders are in the field. They are making 50 towns each week. These men are under the direct supervision of R. L. Cochran and Marion G. Pulley of the State Marketing bureau, and J. M. Borders, egg standardization specialist of the U. S. department of agriculture, who has aided in the program since its inception.

The egg marketing campaign is of course primarily with the dealers and produce exchanges, but the farmers and poultrymen cannot be and are not overlooked. The field men talk to the producers about ways and means of producing better eggs as well as taking better care of them. Charts are used in these talks, and helpful literature is distributed. Every effort is being made to convince the producers that they can do very much to "Make Missouri Eggs Better," this being the slogan of this better egg marketing movement.

One of the most interesting suggestions that has as yet been made as a supplementary slogan is that of "Produce One Bad Egg Where You Produced Two Bad Eggs Last Year."

HIT MIDDLEMAN—
No Use for the Doctor

A farmer drove his auto at high speed through the streets of a small city. He stopped with a jerk in front of an undertaker's place of business. He rushed in and found nobody. He came out on the street and met a friend.

This friend asked this farmer what was the matter. The farmer said: "I want an undertaker, and I want him quick."

The friend was by this time a little alarmed and much interested, and he said to the farmer: "What in the world do you want with an undertaker?"

The farmer replied: "I want an undertaker and nobody else."

His friend asked: "My friend, what is the matter? Is there somebody dead at your home?"

The farmer said: "Nobody dead, but my wife is very sick and I want the undertaker."

His friend said: "My dear sir, you want a doctor instead of an undertaker for your wife."

The farmer replied with vigor: "See here, sir, I know what I want. I want the undertaker. I am a farm bureau member and I am in favor of cutting out these middlemen. I want the undertaker and he done with this thing at the least expense."

Do farmers sometimes go too far in cutting out the middlemen and at other times do not go far enough? In some instances the middleman comes handy and should have consideration. Some of them take the risk of lower prices and may suffer loss.

In many communities where the middleman is one of your neighbors he will likely be more of a help than a hurt to you. Experience is the one big thing needed to be a success in trade and barter. The middleman you never see is often the fellow who does the producer no good. Your home merchant can do many chores for you if he and you are the right sort of fellows.

A BIG GRANGE DAY
Farm Folks Work and Play

Rural Welfare editor spent a day and enjoyed a picnic with a big bunch of Granger folks. The day was Saturday. It was a sort of a left-hand Sunday. A large crowd attended. Twelve granges in the county. Each grange had a fine bunch of farm folks present.

There was a forenoon and afternoon program. A band was on the job with good music. A tailor-made dinner filled up everybody. The ladies and girls were handsome and smiling. The men as homely as usual, but in good humor. Pie, cake and chicken smiled at you.

Young and old folks had gay time. Wheat harvest was over. Corn was growing fine. Holstein cows were happy. Alfalfa green and growing. Big crop of candidates present and smiling and wishing and asking for votes enough to nominate them.

Songs and recitations. Men and women could stand on their feet and talk sense and cents. Folks were acquainted with folks in every township. Politicians all courting grangers, male and female. It's the old story that officeseekers and politicians can always see a crowd.

The ladies were on the map. The candidates actually spent more time talking to the big and little women than they spent electioneering the men. In most cases a lady can make a candidate jump through the hoop and stand on his head, whether she promises to vote for him or not. The day will come when there will be more lady candidates and they will have to jump through the hoop to get votes. Then men will be glad and think they are getting even with the petticoats.

A lady presided over the afternoon session and a man presided in the forenoon. Both knew how to handle the job. The Grange trains folks for these duties. The farmer who is outside of an organization will seldom get this kind of a training. Here is where the Grange is worth all it costs and a thousand times more.

The candidates say that the big girls don't like to tell how they will vote any better than they like to tell their age. This is a big advantage to the ladies, as this makes both Republicans and Democrats tell their tale of woe and wail to them. The dear girls like to be courted even in politics. They can make a homely candidate talk to them a whole hour and say nothing.

Every politician and officeseeker in the county in which this big Grange meeting was held had his hat off to this crowd on this picnic day and will keep it off until after the election. These farm folks are fully determined to vote only for those candidates who will promise to enforce the law as it is written on the statute books.

The Grange is worth while. It is a mighty good excuse for farm folks to get together. It trains them to conduct meetings. It unites them in thought and action for better social, educational and political conditions. The Grange, rightly conducted, is worth a pile of gold to every community in which it lives. Boost it. If you have some other farm organization and no Grange, boost it. Do it now.

THE RACE SEASON—
Million Dollars in Purses

We have just looked over a horseman's weekly paper. It is the mouthpiece of the racing game. It is a good one for its kind and tells the true story of what is going on in the turf game with the trotters and pacers.

This is the fair and racing season. For more than a century fairs and races have been the fashion. They seem to cling together. It is doubtful if either would prosper without the other. Some folks would banish races, but the chances are that such divorce would ruin many fairs that are doing a great educational work in many ways and lines.

Races would not exist if they were not patronized. As a rule they pay for themselves at county fairs and help fair managers to get the money to pay premiums on good live stock and pay prizes on other exhibits at the fairs.

Races rightly conducted are clean sport. If a lot of gambling and immorality attach to racing then the sooner they are banished the better. In President Harding's home town a racing program was recently put on. Some very obnoxious features were permitted by those in charge of the races.

Marion has good folks. They resented this insult to their city. A citizens' meeting was called. The things said about the manner of conducting this race program almost took the hide off of those responsible for the disgrace to the community.

Notice was served that never again would the good folks of the President's home town stand for such conduct. This is exactly what folks ought to do everywhere when shyster blacklegs put over raw deals that bring shame to good citizenship.

Let races be clean and on the square without any bad odor attaching. If not, do without them. There are several million dollars involved every year in the racing game of the United States. Let it be clean or it will be lean for want of public support.

WHAT IS IT WORTH—
To Keep Boy on Farm?

"To keep a farm boy on the farm and to keep him interested in good farming and pure bred live stock, is worth $5,000 in money to this nation of ours."

This statement was made by a college president to a meeting of farmers at which Rural Welfare editor was present. We believe what the president said. We would go farther and say that to keep boys on the farm is not only worth a lot of money, but it is safety first to this nation of ours for all the years to come.

This college president said that we needed the best class of folk on the farm and not the poorest or peasant class. In this the professor is also right. The old farm should have the best there is to manage it.

The day is not distant when this nation may have to offer bonus of some kind to keep good folks on the farm. Too many are getting away from the country and crowding into town and city, where too many of them learn the game of raising hell and trouble.

When the boy stays on the farm there is sure to be a good girl who will stay on the farm. This is as sure as day follows night. Keep the country folks healthy and content and this nation will never go on the rocks or want for defenders and good citizenship. It's worth more than $5,000 to the world to have a good boy stay on the farm.

PURE BRED BOOSTERS—
Better Farm Animals

We attended a booster meeting of pure-bred live stock breeders. Big crowd. Farm and city folks and a crop of county, district and state candidates, some of them scrubs, were on hand and anxious to grind their axe and tell their story to the natives.

Representatives of farm papers were on hand taking notes from which to make a story worth reading. Many boys and girls who are in the calf and pig club work were on hand with eyes and ears open for any hint or suggestion that might help them to win cash and free trip to state capital if they won the king row at the county fair.

Ten-minute talks were the order of the day. This made it impossible for any one speaker to do much damage. A lot of real enthusiasm was creafed for more and better live stock on the farm. This is one of the biggest needs and greatest blessings that can come to a farm.

THE GAME HALL—
Cause Many Boys to Fall

The game hall, where cards and pool, profanity and vulgarity roost seldom lift a young man into useful walks of life.

These halls are too numerous. They have too many customers. We are not against games that bring relaxation and recreation to youth. We do know that some public places are not the spots which good mothers would pick out for her son to spend his spare time in.

Rural Welfare editor has just read a bit of wisdom on this subject that is sure to interest our readers. It is a good thought for parents. Here it is:

The law working against the youth in the average pool hall is the law of pure thought.

A young man is worth just what he thinks. If he thinks low, he is low.

We can never make men into angels, and no one wants to do so, but we must never lose sight of the ideals of clean Christian manhood.

Do you suppose that the stories told in your pool hall would grace or disgrace a company where there were ladies? Think it over.

A vulgar-brained aide on General Grant's staff came in one morning and said: "Are there any ladies present?" "No," replied the great general, "but there are some gentlemen." The story was never told.

A third law is that of the busy mind.

If you will give me the names of the youth now spending their evenings in our game halls, I will have a list of the probable second-raters in this generation.

Some condemn game halls because they school youth in crime. Well, perhaps they do, but if they do it is through the law of idleness.

A brain has to be directed through study and will power. Hubbard pointed out that no great success can be achieved without the habit of study and reflection.

When God shows the farmers how to grow a crop without cultivation; possess a strong arm without exercise; a trained musician without practice; a healthy body without care; a good farm without attention, then, we may find out how to make a boy into a man without real study, work and effort.

The brain grows only through directed activity.

Children play that they may develop into workers.

Workers play that they may relax, through pleasure, to do more work.

Let's see if we can't have our game halls produce better air, better talk, and better ideals for our young men.

HOW CLOVER LOOKS—
This Is Test Season

How does the clover field look in August? This is the test season. Will the seed you scattered last Spring be wasted, or will you get a good stand and have a crop next year? The same question can be asked about your alfalfa field.

If your clover seed is wasted, what is the cause? Is your soil sour? Does your field need tile and limestone to sweeten it? If your crop is a failure, is it not common sense to find out what the cause of the failure is so that the same mistake can be avoided next year?

As a farmer do you make the proper effort to find out the causes of your farm failures? Have you made the samefarm mistakes over and over? Does such neglect pay you or discourage you? Would a real business man make the same mistake twice or thrice or forever?

A failure in a clover crop, as a rule, will cost the farmer more dollars than the failure of any other crop on the farm. This clover failure reduces the profit on the crops that are to follow.

In some sections the mildew blight has hit the clover meadow. The plant looks white when hit by this disease. The farm animals that eat this diseased clover are exposed to danger and death. In horses it may inflame the mouth.

Safeguard the clover crop. It is the soil builder and renewer. It is the big booster for the two and three crops that are to follow. Good drainage and sweet soil are absolutely necessary for this legume crop to prosper. If your clover crop fails, find the cause at once. Your farm will be a disappointment if it will not grow clover.

Do it now.

SCHOOL AND TAX COST—
Price of Wheat and Corn

When price of wheat, meat, corn, tobacco, cotton, fruit and other staple crops comes down and taxes stay up, the taxpayer gets a jolt that makes him and her have the headache.

When crop prices went up every other expense went up. When the price of crops went down salaries and other expenses did not come down. The bushel of wheat and pound of meat make a good yardstick and barometer by which to measure public welfare. If the farmer wants a square deal he must insist on the price of bread being a half-brother to the price of wheat when it leaves the threshing machine.

The price of leather in a shoe store ought to be of some relation to the price of hide when it leaves the animal. Taxes and expenses have always been contrary things. They love to climb up the mountain and hills, but they do not know the way down.

In one state three out of four school boards have to borrow money to pay the salary of teachers the first month of this school year. The most of these school districts already have a bond debt for money which they have heretofore borrowed.

Along with high taxes has come a habit and appetite to spend a lot of our money for picture shows, ice cream, soda, candy, joy rides and other gay pastimes and tastes. This leaves a lean pocketbook out of which to get dollars and cents to buy our tax receipt.

"More tax. Less learning." This was the remark of a newspaper editor who keeps his ear to the ground. Teachers now get a pension under certain conditions. An old age and service pension for teachers was agreed upon when salary of the teacher was low. Now the salary is fat and the school boards must allow so much out of taxes to pay the pension fund. The load increases. The mountain becomes higher.

Rural Welfare editor has always been the champion of the teacher and the best schools which money can buy. But, as we go from one county and from one state to another, we find a mighty protest against the ever increasing tax burden. Our notion is that our teachers must take notice of these conditions and help the taxpayer to find out where unnecessary expense exists and cut it out.

In one county of 27,000 people the expenses of schools increased from $133,000 in 1914, to $337,000 in 1921. This was largely due to a county superintendent who spent more time with bootleggers than he did with preachers and decent folks. He got his salary doubled and wanted more. He was an expert poker player and gambler.

Schools that are good and efficient will be the last thing on which good folks will want to cut down expenses, but there is no other thing of which they should be more jealous than their schools. Poor schools are expensive if a poor and immoral teacher would teach for nothing. A halt must be called on expense. A demand must be made for value received for the school tax dollar and for every other tax dollar.

BRICKLAYERS' WAGES—
Men of Older Ages

We talked with a leading architect of a big city. He said the price of building homes and houses was steadily going upward.

Brick houses will always be more or less the fashion. Bricklayers will always be in demand. Very few younger men are learning the bricklaying trade.

The men who now lay brick as a profession or trade are usually past the age of 50. The average is 55. The wages paid is from one to two dollars per hour. Bricklayers are hard to get at any price.

How many young men do Rural Welfare readers know who are actually learning one of the old stand-by trades in which hard manual labor is required? Do we realize that many of these expert workmen are making more money than an honest man can make holding office?

There is a sure compensation awaiting any able-bodied man who learns or has a trade at his command. He does not have to be elected every year or so to hold his job. He does not have to give bond or be sworn in. He just draws his salary and has a good home for himself and family.

A trade like a bricklayer has is a better thing than owning some farms and taking chances on growing crops. Our schools would be wise to train our young men along these trade lines. Horseshoeing and blacksmith work will always be in demand, but is rapidly going out of style with our young folks.

How far can a good citizen see into the years ahead? Try it. Do it now.

THE STORE ON WHEELS—
Saves Your Toes and Heels

We saw a complete sanitary grocery store stop in front of a house. With its horn it said "Hello" to the housewife in her home. She came out with her market basket. Climbed up the steps and circulated inside this traveling store and did her morning market buying.

This good wife paid cash. Saved her toes, heels and shoe leather as well as the cost of car fare in going down town and lugging loads of things home. Things do change as we grow older. These new stunts make us wonder what will be going on when we are gone. There will be progress when we are sleeping on the hill.

Of course these new methods of barter, trade and deliver make it mighty hard for the old-time storekeeper to hold his trade. All grocery stores do not have wheels and cannot go out and hunt up a customer. Like this shop which we saw was doing. This is different from the days, back yonder, when grandfather and grandmother went to town just once in a while to do some trading. The whole neighborhood talked about that trip to town and wondered what all was bought and how much they cost. After all we like to have things like this come along and jolt us with the fact that there is a lot of progress going on in the world by folks other than ourselves. On with the parade. We will follow up and dig up the price or crawl under the tent.

WIDOW AND CHILDREN—
Fight the Farm Battle

We met a widow. She is the mother of four children. Three at home. One married. She and they are farmers. The husband and father lost his mind and committed suicide three years ago. This event was a tragedy chapter in that farm home.

The mother is holding the family together. The eldest son is now married. The home farm consists of 190 acres of good farm land, the value of which is above $200 an acre. This farm is not far from our own old farmstead.

On this widow and orphan farm is good live stock, good poultry and good drainage. The buildings are large and well painted. The whole place has the ear-marks of good business and pride in the farm game. The three children at home are in love with the old farm and are willing workers under their mother's business administration.

These folks are making money when some other nearby neighbor farmers are complaining of hard times. This lady and her children belong to farm organizations and are a help to their community and to their neighbors. A mother is worth a lot to orphan boys and girls.

RARE ORDER CONFERRED ON AMERICAN WOMAN

The Queen of Belgium has decorated Mrs. T. Bates-Batcheller, American millionairess, with the order of Elizabeth, never before conferred upon a commoner. Mrs. Bates-Batcheller's concerts throughout the United States for the benefit of Belgium's war orphans earned her the decoration.

CAPITAL ELATED OVER OHIO VOTE

Thompson's Victory Points to Re-election of Harding in 1924.

Elated by the results of the Ohio primary election, Republican party leaders predict that the state ticket headed by Colonel Carmi A. Thompson and Congressman Simeon D. Fess, as nominees for governor and senator respectively, will lead the party to victory next November and bring vindication to President Harding in his home state.

Much more than local significance attaches to the Buckeye event, they affirm, since a Republican triumph in that pivotal commonwealth will presage the President's renomination and re-election in 1924.

Harding Pleased.

Though he refrained scrupulously from showing partiality to any primary candidate, the President will not deny his satisfaction in the nomination of both Thompson and Fess. The former is one of his most intimate friends, was his appointee as a member of the American advisory committee of the Washington arms conference, and became a staunch champion of administration policies. Fess, also close to the President, made his campaign on the achievements of the President and congress.

Had either Thompson or Fess been defeated, the President would have felt it as more or less a personal blow.

Now that they are nominated by overwhelming pluralities, he believes they will make the strongest possible combination to lead the G. O. P. ticket to victory. This feeling is shared by high administration officials, national party chiefs and Ohio federal employes.

Democrats at the same time are optimistic over the nomination of Vic Donahey, who made such a remarkable race for governor against tremendous odds two years ago, and the renomination of Senator Atlee Pomerene.

The coming contest between Fess and Pomerene for the latter's seat will be closely watched because of its important bearing on the 1924 presidential campaign.

The Democrats are anxious to defeat Fess in order that they may herald it as a repudiation of the President by his own state. A victory for Pomerene, moreover, would project him into the limelight as a promising candidate for the Democratic nomination for president two years hence.

Realizing the advantage of a sweeping Ohio victory, Democratic chieftains are concentrating their forces for a terrific drive on the President's state.

G. O. P. Girds for Fight.

Republicans fully appraising this move, have under way a gigantic counter offensive calculated to give the President and his administration a telling indorsement.

Congressman Theodore E. Burton's overwhelming defeat of former Congressman Henry I. Emerson in the twenty-second district is regarded as significant since Emerson sought to enlist the soldier vote against Burton because the latter voted against the bonus.

The renomination of Congressman Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati in the first, is held important because of the movement to make him Republican floor leader to succeed Congressman Frank W. Mondell of Wyoming, who is running for senator.

G. O. P. ATTACKS KU KLUX KLAN

Texas Republicans Frame Platform and Name Fall Candidates.

Adoption of a comprehensive platform, one plank of which condemns the Ku Klux Klan and indorsement of a complete list of candidates to oppose Democratic nominees in the November election constituted the chief work of the closing session of the Texas Republican biennial convention. Both votes were unanimous.

E. P. Wilmot, Austin banker, was nominated for United States senator and W. H. Atwell, former federal district attorney of North Texas, for governor.

The platform against the Ku Klux Klan sets forth that the Republican party "stands committed unreservedly for pure and undefiled 100 per cent Americanism as established by the founders of the republic, but we condemn the Ku Klux Klan or any similar organization whose purpose is to restrain by force, threats, intimidations or otherwise the conduct of our citizens in the full exercise of freedom, whether in matters of politics, religion or occupation, or discrimination between loyal Americans on the ground of religious belief or nationality."

He Lassoes Bullet to Avert Tragedy

A French torpedo boat recently loosed a torpedo during practice, and the mchanism sped straight for the bathing beach of the Island of Khalki, in the Sea of Marmora. The people saw it coming and rushed to the hills for safety.

All but a Russian sailor. He saw it was losing speed and swam out to it with a length of rope. Just as it was about to hit the local dock he lassoed it, and a couple of bold boatmen came out and towed it away.

Lost in Mountains, Girl, 11, Is Found

Virginia Stone, aged 11, of Columbus, Ohio, for whom scores of men were searching the Adirondacks, was found about noon near Inlet, three miles from the place where she entered the woods. Two men came upon the child, who was hungry and exhausted, but otherwise unharmed. She had been missing since Monday afternoon and was thought to have become lost in the storm Monday night.

When Right Man Comes Along

***The International Sunday School Lesson for August 20 Is, "The Second Return From Exile."—Ezra 7:1—8:36.**

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

FEW tasks are finished, once for all. Most good work has to be done over again and again. Consider how many times since the war began the starving Armenians have had to be saved! Reform movements succeed — and, after a time, have to be repeated. Revivals sweep communities — but other revivals are needed in a few years. Every business has to be reorganizel and reajusted periodically. It is the way of life.

The Jews returned to Jerusalem under Zerubbabel from the Babylonian exile and established a great religious reform—and 80 years later there was a second return and reform under Ezra. Yet to this day some of the families of the Jews of the exile still dwell in what was Babylonia; they have never returneed. I once had a grave conference with the Grand Rabbi of Bagdad and his venerable council as to the identity of the miserable Jews of Mesopotamia; and they solemnly assured me that these were the children of the exiles from the whole twelve tribes of Israel.

There is a near and homely lesson in this old story of the second return of the Jews, which the Sunday schools are studying. It comes close to the mothers who are tired of washing faces and clothes and dishes; to the teachers who weary of repeating the same lessons, year after year; to the men who are irked by the monotony and drudgery of their daily tasks. There is a glory and an honor in doing good the second and the hundredth time that is wholly equal to the merit of the first doing of it. Ezra ever improves on the work of Zerubbabel. Life is a matter of repetition and improvement. "Blessed Be Drudgery," was the title of an old book; great are the endurers and continuers. A man sat by the roadside cracking stones for the highway; again and again he struck a stone with his hammer until at last it broke. "The last one was the blow that did it," remarked a bystander. "No," responded the wise workman; "it was the last blow, and the first blow and all the other blows together that did it."

A Man for the Occasion.

This historic story of the second return of the Jews would probably never have been written but for Ezra. Behind every movement there is a man. Show me an organization or a community or a cause that is progressing and succeding notably and I will engage to find some individual back of it all. There really is no history except biography. All other tales are comprehended within the familiar phrase: "Once upon a time there was a man." It was Ezra who made his generation immortal. He was the sort of man who, in the face of an apparent need, did something about it. Of course, for 80 years there had been futile folk talking about what needed to be done; until Ezra, the doer, came along.

Count noses in your own neighborhood and behold how many unvital folk there are, and how few real effectives. For every one who actually puts things through there are a hundred who criticize him while he does it. Life is made up of the two groups; the few who really do things and the many who talk about the few who do things. There were tens of thousands of "safe and sane" Jews in exile who disapproved of Ezra and his project—but their names are on no records. One trouble with our own time, in the large concerns of statecraft, politics, social relations, literature and religion, is that we have too many critics and too few constructors. "These Russians think that when they have expressed an opinion they really have done something," commented a shrewd young American in Petrograd during the decisive days of November, 1917. God send our needy world a new breed of doers.

Of course, the tale begins far back of Ezra; and he was man enough to know it. Our lesson text takes eleven lines to tell his ancestry. Most of us pass by those dry stretches reciting "the son of," in the Bible. Really they are the meat of the matter. Our hero makes it plain that it was "THIS Ezra," who went up from Babylon, carrying with him a long line of ancestors. Or rather, they were driving him up. They were all in it, accordin to modern science. They were his ghostly guard of honor. Because they had been the men they had been, Ezra became the man he was. This paragraph from the Old Testament reads like a bit of modern essay on heredity. Ezras come only from Seraiahs and Azariahs and Kilkiahs. I heard a successful father say recently: "About all there is to this business of raising boys is to be the right sort of man yourself, and then to keep close to your sons."

The Ready Scribe.

Everybody has heard "practical" men, with no more brains or character than are necessary to accumulate money, sneer at "literary men" and "mere writing fellows." But they did not do it in writing; for when a man takes his pen in hand he cannot help revealing what brains and personality he really posseses, or does not possess. Most great doers have also been clear writers. Think back over the long roll of achievers and consider how many of them, like Ezra, were ready scribes. Like him, they both made history and wrote it. Although he was patriot, pioneer, statesman and leader, Ezra was content to be known as a scribe. The gift of writing is a handle to every other accomplishment. As of Rome's greatest, Shakespeare wrote:

"That Julius Caesar was a mighty man.
With what his valor did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valor live."

Somebody should write a book about the scribe-office of the Christian ministry. Clergymen do not write often enough or well enough for the public prints. How few are the really strong articles upon this present world emergency in the religious press! And it is the rare minister who has at all cultivated the art of writing for daily newspapers. I know one such in Philadelphia, a Methodist, who was given small charges from year to year until he discovered that he possessed the power of popularizing religious truth in print; now his flock numbers more than a million. What matter the size of the congregation to which the bishop assigns him? He is far more potent for rightenousness than the bishop.

What is more, this man Ezra had a keen religious sense. He saw his times from the angle of a spiritual statesman. His expertness was in the law of Jehovah, which he believed to be real and binding and applicable to his own times. This profound reverence for the will and honor of God is the highest mark of human greatness in any time. It is the supreme need of today in our leadership. Given a constraining sense of obligation to the living and almighty God, and a man will do something about it. Simple faith is more needed today than intellectual sophistication; the more I talk with "learned" doubters and critics, and perceive how little of working value there is in their negative criticisms, the more I long for men with bigness enough to hold a child-like faith such as Ezra's, that will really change things in this troubled world. We shall never have a great spiritual crusade, for the redemption of a straitened and suffering race until we can cry, with the Crusaders of old: "It is the will of God!" That spirit got the Middle Ages to Jerusalem even as it gets Ezra there.

The Concern of Kings.

Apparently something had gone wrong with Persia that made King Artaxerxes concerned to look for the cause in an affronted Deity. Chapter 7, verse 23, implies this: "Whatsoever is commanded by the God of heaven, let it be done exactly for the house of the God of heaven; for why should there be wrath against the realm of the king and his sons?" So the heathen monarch was quick to accede to the request of Ezra, shrewdly proffered, that a contingent of the Jews should return to Jerusalem for distinctively religious purposes.

It recalls the war days of travel along the Russo-Turkish front, within what once was the realm of Artaxerxes, to read how the king supplied Ezra with transportation and letters of privilege. That is the way I once went from headquarters to front line; from area to aera, with the ungrudging hospitality of the Russian army. Years earlier I had gone all the way from Constantinople to Bagdad, with similar letters from the sublime porte to local vails, or governors. It is still the way of the East. Only Artexerxes of his royal bounty, gave great stores of gold and supplies, together with all necessary permissions and exemptions from tolls and tariffs, to Ezra and his company.

Would God that in America or Great Britain today there were some high offical great enough in character and vision, to provide equal deliverance to the exiled, suffering Assyrian Christians in the land of Xerxes who still speak the very language in which this part of the Book of Ezra is written, the language of Jesus Himself; and who day and night cry aloud to God and Christendom for succor.

Down near the present village of Hit, where Sir William Willcocks and others locate the Garden of Eden, just where the alluvial plain of lower Mesopotamia begins Ezra gathered his loyal Jews for the difficult and dangerous journey across the desert. It was a matter of "face" with him not to ask a special guard from the king; since he had already declared his trust in Jehovah. The note of child-like confidence in God runs all through the Book of Ezra, and the summary of the fulfilment of the great dream and deliverance is "And on the first day of the fifth month came he to Jerusalem according to the good hand of his God upon him." "Except the Lord build the city, they labor in vain that build it."

What British airplanes are doing today within one day on the regular air mail service between Cairo and Bagdad, it took Ezra's company four months to accomplish. I myself once did it in little more than a month, under adverse weather conditions, by the river route on a keyek, or goatskin raft. Journey's woes are soon forgotten in journeys' goals. Ezra says nothing about his hard times by the way. But he arrived; gave careful account of his stewardship and then turned to the further work of religious reform that awaited doing.

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BOSTON PIER SETS RECORD IN TRAFFIC

A record has been made by the Commonwealth pier of Boston for handling passengers and merchandise. Experts say no pier in the world ever has handled such an enormous amount of cargo.

Not only three competing California lines use the pier, but other vessels from all parts of the world are taken care of. From July 1 to July 20 more than 50,000 tons of New England merchandise passed over the pier. No vessel has turned away for want of a berth. In addition to this, the motor registry department takes care of hundreds of automobiles in a day at its office on the pier without congestion.

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LIQUOR PIRATES BEAT CAPT. KIDD

Romance of Rum Thieves Is Material for Fascinating Thriller.

When Bobby hies himself to the hayloft or crawls under the house and in wide-eyed wonder peruses a paper-backed chronicle of Morgan, Captain Kidd and other gentry who roamed the seas under the Jolly Roger, he usually expresses regret that he did not live a century or two ago so he could have joined the adventurers.

The boy may not know it, but the sea rovers are on the job again and the escapades of liquor pirates off the southeastern coast of Florida and in the Bahamas, if recorded in a book, might cause Bobby to regard Morgan, Kidd and Co. with less awe. Morgan and Kidd were forced to depend upon sails for motive power but the modern pirate has a gasoline motor.

He overhauls a liquor runner, holds it up, steals all, or as much of its cargo as his vessel will carry, waves his hand to the luckless owner and disappears to land his loot at some unfrequented cove on the Florida coast. Others have landed on small keys in the Bahamas, where cargoes of liquor for rum runners have been assembled, and raided the warehouses.

Official reports of piracy have not been frequent. The liquor smugglers who have been held up at sea charge the occurrence to profit and loss and make no complaint because they are law breakers themselves. The pirates, naturally, do not tell about their operations, but numerous stories of holdups and robberies leak out through underground sources and there is every indication prohibition officers are not the only people the liquor runners constantly are on the lookout for.

Hanford Mobely, 18, held in jail at West Palm Beach as one of four men charged with robbery of the Bank of Stuart, at Stuart, Fla., several months ago, also has a piracy charge hanging over him. Just what part he is believed to have taken in a sea holdup federal authorities have not stated but they have announced if Mobley were granted his liberty on bail or acquitted of the robbery charge he would be arrested on a federal warrant charging piracy.

The most recent case of alleged piracy to be made public officially resulted in the shooting to death of George Edgecomb, negro master of the British schooner William H. Albury at Cat Key, in the Bahamas, a short distance from here, and the theft of between $2,000 and $3,000 from the vessel. The robbery occured July 20. The Albury, British officials say, has been engaged in the rum carrying trade between the Bahamas and Jamaica. Dody Carey, cashier aboard the Albury, was sent to Miami by the British commissioner at Bimini to tell the story of the hold-up to the British vice-consul and state and federal officials here.

Uncle Sam Building Air Mail Base

Work has been started on a great government mail flying field and airplane factory in Broadview, a western suburb of Chicago. It is expected the field will be in proper condition for landing and the five brick buildings which will house the factory and the planes will be completed by October, says E. M. Barbour, assistant superintendent of aerial mail for the Eastern division.

A small airplane factory is in operation on Checkerboard field just East of the new site but it cannot turn out the planes for the ever-growing mail service. The new factory which will be the largest airplane factory under governmental control will have a capacity of 12 planes a month. The machines it will make will be a modification of the De Haviland 4 and will be equipped with Liberty motors, Barbour said.

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D. R. Locke's (Nasby's) Newspaper

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We will not, knowingly, accept advertising from a dishonest concern. Our readers are our friends and an advertisement is an introduction of the advertiser into the homes of our friends.

We will not, knowingly, introduce a dishonest advertiser into your TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE and guarantee his honesty any more than you would knowingly introduce a dishonest person to your bank and guarantee his note.

When you answer an advertisement, refer to The Weekly Blade.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1922

Peacemakers should know how to dodge a brick.

Illinois hasn't even taken Herrin's fingerprints yet.

No matter which side of the tariff a fellow gets on he can feel himself slipping.

There is a great race on in this country between Law and Order on one side and Guzzle and Gurgle on the other. Faith tells us that Law and Order will win in the long run.

Love is blind or it wouldn't consent to being led around by the nose.

Lima Beane says the gambler succeeds when the sucker succumbs.

Maybe what Voliva means about the world being flat is that it is flat on its back.

One writer says Colonel Theodore Roosevelt never said "damn." He didn't have to. He could make pure dictionary language sound like swearing.

If it ever comes to a contest between the United States of America and Wall Street we'll bet our $1.30 on the good old U. S. A.

Senator Reed evidently didn't realize how well he could get along in face of Mr. Woodrow Wilson's opposition.

Our notion is that the bride's promise to obey isn't broken any oftener than some of the groom's promises.

Papers are telling about the woman who kicked a burglar and are calling it heroism. Our reaction to the story is that she may have mistaken the burglar for her husband.

Old Bill Hohenzollern, who is spending much time reading the Bible, will find himself in there if he looks in the right place.

Men who talk when they have nothing to say will never save the world.

Sale of swivel chairs announced by the government at Washington. This means that the war is over.

Perhaps there is something in the gland theory of rejuvenation, but it will be a long time before it comes to a simple matter of "please pass the glands."

Germans have been advised to eat nettles. We suggest that they sleep on them, too.

Republican candidates next Fall might make sure of victory at the polls by teasing Woodrow Wilson into calling them marplots.

Among household hints the one saying "get home early" is given most frequent use.

That well-known assumption that it takes all kinds of people to make a world is a poor excuse for being as mean as the devil himself.

People who predict the return of the bustle should take into consideration the fact that it has never been tried out in the tonneau of an auto. Much progress has been made since the bustle disappeared.

Lenine explains that "we inflated the ruble in order to make money look ridiculous." And then the blamed thing busted.

Experience is a dear teacher. But the bumps it administers make it valuable.

Some people are in favor of taking the tariff out of politics and throwing it into the garbage can.

This country can never be saved by an alcoholic kick.

The fearlessness of right can beat the devil in a fight.

A plumber's objection to the old jokes on the trade is that they miss the funny-bone and hit a vulnerable spot.

The greatest drawback to visualizing ghosts is that you must believe in them before you can see them.

If all the dead ever come back to earth at one time there will be a crowd.

There is reason to doubt the story that Lenine's mind is giving way. Maybe he is just returning to sanity.

If man really wanted but little here below there would be fewer strikes and a better understanding of justice.

So long as Russia sows to the wind her people will need help from the outside. The whirlwind isn't fattenin'.

People have no more than a passing glance left for an airplane but they still wonder where it is going.

The need of the hour is five minutes of sane thinking.

Billy Sunday calls the advocates of the Darwin theory "baboon boosters." To get the kick that goes with the phrase consider Billy's oratorical monkeyshines.

Today's contribution to the "Sermon in a Sentence" contest comes from Jack Warwick of The Toledo Blade who, with characteristic sagacity, observes: "More than one wife has discovered that the Eighteenth amendment has taken the kick out of Saturday night." — Charles A. Leedy, Youngstown Telegram.

Thank you, Leedy, for helping to broadcast the doctrine.

It can be said of Mr. Plumb that he outlived his plan.

Where Strikes Are Intolerable

The railway strike cost the workers $40,000,000 in wages lost. It cost the public a great deal more in interrupted industry, delays in shipments, inconvenience and checks to the return to normal business.

Nevertheless, the strike may be productive of a great deal of good in the end.

For it has been made more than ever evident that measures must be taken to prevent these costly disturbances. Commerce cannot afford it. It represents a high expense to the strikers. It promotes unrest and anger and the development of grudges that are slow to heal. The institution of the railroad labor board does not appear to serve fully the purposes of smoothing over differences and adjusting pay. But it is probably a foundation upon which a practical and worthy mediation board can be built. The voting in the labor board has been by classes. There should be some way by which class feeling and class sympathies can entirely be eliminated and judgments reached entirely upon the merits of the cases.

The time was when every section of the country was virtually self-sufficing. That is, it met its requirements very largely by its own productions. These products had had to be carried only a short distance from the place of their growth or manufacture. Today, the East is dependent upon foods that come, some of them, as far away as California. The Pacific coast obtains its wearing material from the East. The Middle West sends out grain and iron and copper and ten thousand forms of fabricated articles. It subsists upon the meat of the Southwest, it clothes itself with cotton from the South, it looks to the North for the ore it smelts. The key to the entire system of modern industry and living is transportation. Without this, sections would return to their self-sufficing state. And so returned, they would have to suffer tremendous readjustments of population.

Transportation must be constant almost to the degree that water and air must be supplied to the human body. There is no problem more important before us than to make strikes upon the common carriers remote, impossible.

Radio and the Aeroplane

The telegraph was the handmaiden of the railroad. The radio is likely to prove as essential to aerial navigation.

It is difficult to vizualize those early times on the railroad before the invention of Morse. But there was such a period. The station agent's orders came by train. His communication with headquarters was maintained partly by mail and partly by verbal instructions carried by the trainmen. Outside of the station a small tower existed and about train time the agent would climb aloft and look up the track. It seems to us now that railroad service could hardly be provided under such disadvantages.

Until lately the air pilot severed all connection with the earth the moment he left the ground. But through experiments of the post-office department it has been learned that with the radio the aeronaut need never be out of touch with the surface.

One can readily understand what this means. Having the radio the airplane will not go astray however high it flies, however dark the weather is. Fogs will interfere little with flight. Moreover night flying can be undertaken with safety. The radio will give directions. It will report the rising of storms. It will supply warnings. Just as the railroad train is kept to its course by the rails so will the airplane be prevented from wandering over the heavens by the whispering word of a guardian of the radio upon the ground.

Half a century from now, a historian may write: "Little as it may be believed aerial navigation was pursued in its infancy without the least communication with airdomes during the period of flight. It speaks wonderfully for the pilots of those days that they were willing to leave the field when doing so left them upon their own resources as to avoiding tempest, escaping mishap in midair and making their landings."

Between Rush Hours

There's a gray old man who sits on a front porch during most of the daylight hours of Spring and Summer and Autumn. He watches with flagging interest the workers—men, women, boys and girls—who hurry by in the morning on their way to shops, factories, stores and offices. He sees them hurrying homeward in the evening.

This is the great human majority the old man watches. He does not belong to it—he is of the minority. He is only a dim shadow in the background of a day. Waiting is his job. He explains it himself, not bitterly, but with complacent finality, in these words:

"Today is mine; tomorrow may be God's. I shall wait and see."

So much for the gray old man. He is practically through with the scheme of life and willing that God shall have His tomorrow when He asks for it. He is content with his hope of immortality.

But what of the great human majority, the people in the foreground of the day's picture? Their responsibility has not ended. Their attitude between rush hours means much to industry, to business and to the progress of the nation and the world. The worker who feels that he is in a treadmill, simply making the wheels go round, might as well be a squirrel in a cage. The squirrel would get more joy out of the job.

It is not enough for the man who works to think in clock ticks—sixty seconds to the minute, sixty minutes to the hour, eight hours to the day. Time flies between rush hours to the man who forgets the clock, who is interested in his work, and goes about it enthusiastically and conscientiously. The more pride he puts into the job the more joy he gets out of it.

Having worked faithfully and conscientiously, he will have won in self-respect and defended his right to a square deal. The employer with a sense of justice can grant him nothing less. It is not enough that the men who employ labor concern themselves with big dividends only.

It is the thought of all right-thinking minds and the hope of all humanity-loving hearts that some day there will be honesty on both sides of the capital-labor question, more justice and less bitter bargaining.

When that day comes it will mean the end of strikes, and there will be more good faith and more happiness between rush hours; when that day comes the great human majority will turn its mind toward the sweetness of life; when that day comes it will bring the dawn of God's tomorrow in the work-day world.

The Alternative to Unrest

Weary of the clashing of parties, classes, groups and interests, sick of strife and tired of doubts about the next day and next year, many good Americans often feel that they would be willing to sacrifice much and endure much for the sake of peace and quiet. They think that they will be content to pay a high price for more settled and dependable conditions of living, from month to month.

But if the test were made the alternative to the ills we endure, with much fretting and strong distaste for more of the same sort to come, would be even more repugnant than the familiar condition of the present. As a people we would surely rebel more bitterly against the alternative to unrest.

For the alternative would be the loss, in some measure, of the forces which make for progress. It would be a deadening of national ambition, a checking of national endeavor to build higher and still higher on the foundations already laid deep, wide and massive, and the superstructure reared upon that firm base. We could not be more at rest, as a people, without being more tolerant of defects in the whole body of our national civilization.

This is true, notwithstanding the absolute folly and futility of much of the railing against the conditions of the times and the laws and institutions of the country. It is true because freedom to shout the imaginary virtues of nostrums extolled by political quacks and revolutionary zealots is the same liberty which is the best of all safeguards against tyranny and the suppression of rights which constitute the very life of the republic as a free nation.

Waters often troubled by the unhindered winds of thoughts do not always make glassy mirrors. They reflect broken and distorted images, at times. But stagnant pools are prone to become so slime-covered that they cease to be mirrors at all. There is national health in motion, national death in inertia allowed to kill, through lack of exercise the most valuable powers of the mind and spirit of man.

Remember this eternal truth when the restlessness of the times wears too heavily on tired nerves and faith in the destiny of the country is shaken and blurred by the more stupid and ignorant phases of constant striving for the betterment of conditions which everyone knows are imperfect and susceptible of improvement.

James M. Cox is quoted as saying in London: "I am an American gentleman who was almost elected President." Jimmy has not lost his mental bearings in the big town. That word "almost" is as near the truth as some of his campaign stories.

Senator Reed got the support of the married women of Missouri because of his opposition to the maternity bill. Mothers simply can't choke down the idea of having old maids tell them how to bring up their children.

One fault the so-called Old Guard has always had is its inclination to sit in the reviewing stand instead of marching in the parade.

If Grover Cleveland Bergdoll has become a citizen of Switzerland he shows good judgment. The Swiss never declare war.

Radio is being talked of as a cure for baldness, but that is only more nonsense; the only cure for baldness is hair.

Jazz is said to be dying. If the verities are to be maintained it will pass out by "the tune the old cow died on."

Third political parties are about as popular as the third party in a porch swing.

Lloyd George sees another big war. We don't want him to show it to us.

TWO GERMANYS EXIST---ONE VOWED TO PEACE AND OTHER TO VENGEANCE

TWO Germans, seated at a table. Before them two cups of coffee. Their table is on the terrace of the leading hotel at a health resort in Central Germany, writes T. R. Ybarra in New York Times. It overlooks the promenade where those taking the "cure" parade up and down, holding glasses of the iron-impregnated local water, sucking it through little glass tubes, listening to the music of the orchestra. The throng includes the same dowdy women, the same men with shaved skulls and faces crisscrossed by sword cuts received in student duels, who were so typical of Germany before the war.

Gay chatter. Bandinage and flirtation. Everybody is trying hard to act as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened between 1914 and 1918. A normal world again.

But it's no use.

Ex-soldiers, blinded in battle, grope their way along the flower-lined walks of the promenade, led by companions only half-blinded—they come from a big eye clinic in the village which houses a whole squad of men whose eyesight was destroyed or damaged at the front. Other veterans go past with a limp, or an armless sleeve, or the traces of bullet wounds in cheek or jaw. No the war can't be downed—though laughter ripples and jokes are cracked, though pretty compliments are paid and the musicians swing into the glorious rhythm of a Johann Strauss waltz.

The two Germans seated at the table gaze silently at the scene. Their fingers idly beat a tattoo to the music. Presently one of them—in business, still young, a good representative of a numerous and influential class in his country—turns to the other and to the American seated at the table with them, and says grimly:

"Never again! Never again, by God!"

His companion looked up, startled. "Never again what?" asks the second German.

"No Power to Compel."

"Never again will I fight. Never again will I put a gun on my shoulder and march out to defend Germany. No power on earth can ever compel me again to put myself in the battle line, to let myself get shot to pieces. No power on earth can again make me risk getting killed playing the game of a rotten gang of diplomats and capitalists and statesmen. To hell with war! To hell with patriotism!"

The other German shakes his head. He, too, is a man of standing. Like his companion, he is a good representative German. He shakes his head, smiling incredulously at his fellow countryman.

"You don't mean what you are saying," he tells him.

Down comes the other's fist on the table.

"I do mean it!" he shouts. "For the rest of my life I am going to live in peace. There will be no more war for me. For the rest of my life I am going to do nothing but attend to my family and business and friends and let all the nonsense about being a German and rallying to the defense of Germany go to the devil!"

"Patriotism a Fake."

"I live in the part of the Rhineland which is now occupied by the French. Well, I don't care a snap how long they occupy it. I don't care if they occupy it forever. I'm just as willing to be a Frenchman as a German. I don't care if the French flag—or the British or American or Chinese—flies over the city where I live. Patriotism is a miserable fake. It's something the diplomats use to gull fools with. The diplomats and statesmen talked rot about beautiful, glorious patriotism when they herded us poor devils, the Germans, into battle in the Summer of 1914. Never again! I'm done with war forever—and with Germany and nationalism and patriotism and the whole confunded lying nonsense!"

While he speaks the other German eyes him quietly. The older German is an older and calmer man. For a minute or so after the excited man from the Rhineland has finished speaking he remains silent. Then he shakes his head again.

"You don't mean what you say."

"Don't I?" snarls the Rhinelander. "Just wait and see."

The Vow Still Doubted.

"You don't mean what you say," repeats the other, unruffled. After another short pause, he continues:

"I am 48 years old. I went to the front at the beginning of the war in the Summer of 1914. I fought right through it until the end in the Autumn of 1918. I was a machine gunner. You know what that means, of course—it means that I risked my life every day, every hour, for months at a time. It means that I had to lie out in front of the main body of my comrades, in deadly peril, to expose myself to death when most of them were safe, to stick to my post in some dirty, lonely shell hole when all hell had had broken loose around me and a man's life wasn't worth a pfennig. It smashed my nerves and ruined my health. It made me old long before my time. I shudder even now when I think of all the horror and blood and cruelty and desolation that I have seen.

"But"—his voice suddenly hardens and his eyes flash—"if Germany goes to war with France again while I am alive, I hope and pray that she will do so before I am too old to fight. I hope and pray to go to the front, to fight—in the ranks—anywhere — anyhow — to get my hands on a Frenchman's throat—though I am half blind and stiff and gray and weak!"

Another Fist Crashes.

"You don't mean what you are saying," sneers the Rhinelander. And now it is the turn of the calmer man's fist to come crashing down on the table and for the calmer man to spit out between clenched teeth:

"I do mean it! By God, I do mean it!"

The American leans forward, eagerly eyeing his two table mates. In him is the uncanny feeling that he is listening to the spokesmen of two Germans, of two Germans incredibly different from each other, existing side by side in the world of after the war; two Germans, each looking with grim confidence, into the future; two Germans, one utterly disillusioned and defeated, vowed to peace; the other sullen and savage, vowed to bloody vengeance.

Which is the real Germany? Which is the stronger? Which will prevail, and, prevailing, shape the destiny of Europe and the world for decades to come? The American leans forward, fascinated.

"It is foolish to talk like that," says the pacifist from the Rhineland. "I can't understand how a sane, intelligent man like you can talk so!"

His Calm Returns.

The natural calm of the other returns. He masters his momentary excitement and looks indulgently—incredulously—at his companion.

"You, who come from the occupied zone in the Rhineland—how can you pretend to think as you talk?" he asks. "Surely every sane, intelligent German, seeing the French flag flying over his home city must thirst for liberation from the foreigner. Surely you do not deny that the French, in the zone of Germany which they occupy, are petty, unjust and oppressive?"

"I do not deny it," says the Rhinelander, "but what of it?"

"So you are willing to tolerate French pettiness and injustice and oppression indefinitely?"

"Certainly—if the alternative is going to war."

"Oh, you don't mean it," exclaimed the other German impatiently. "When the war came to an end I had thoughts something like yours. I was sick and disgusted with the whole vile business. I felt that Germany had made atrocious mistakes and deserved the terrible beating which she got. I had seen German troops devastate enemy lands more ruthlessly than any military ends demanded. I had listened, as you had, to cant and rot and nonsense and grown to hate them as you do.

"Hatred After the War."

"But what has happened since the armistice has made me pray that death may not overtake me before I have been a German soldier again and fought once more in battle against France. The Germans did not hate France until after the war ended. I did not hate them. It is their actions since the armistice—especially what they have done and are doing in the parts of Germany which they occupy under the treaty of Versailles—which have made and millions of other Germans hate France in a way that they never hated anybody or anything before."

As he talks he grows more and more excited. Finally, the last shreds of his calm are swept from him and he exclaims with set teeth and blazing eyes: "I tell you, in the next war against France, in Germany's victorious war against France, there will be no need of building prison camps in Germany. In that war the Germans will take no French prisoners!"

"God grant there be no such war!" retorts the Rhinelander. A sneer crosses the face of his companion.

"And you were in the last war?" he asks. There is a shade of contempt in his tone.

The man from the Rhineland eyes him steadily.

In the Trenches.

"I went to the front on the first day of August, 1914," he replies. "I fought through the entire 1914 campaign in France. I was at the battle of the Marne. I marched back with the German armies to the Aisne. I fought in the trenches there. I was wounded — badly wounded—and was sent back to Germany to recuperate. My wound was so severe that I might easily have used it as an excuse for staying at home. I need never have returned to the front again as long as the war lasted.

"But I did return. I returned voluntarily, in spite of my wound. I fought in more battles and saw more horrors. My health, like yours, was ruined. I feel pretty sure, my friend, that I know quite as much about what war is like as you do."

He stops, still looking steadily at the other. The other finds nothing to say. The man from Rhineland continues:

"But—unlike you—I was taught during that second time at the front what an atrocious, shameless, monstrous lie the whole war was. Suddenly I saw through it all—through all the trickery and hypocrisy and knavery for which thousands of men were dying every day, believing that they were fulfilling a holy duty. I realized, like you, what colossal mistakes Germany had made, to what a pass these mistakes had led her. I vowed that nothing should ever make me fight again. And I mean to keep that vow! Let anyone else shoulder a gun again—not I!"

For the first time in the colloquy the American at the table joins in.

"War may be wrong," he says. "In fact, basically, it must be wrong. But, if an enemy should set foot on the soil of my country, I should throw all my beliefs in the wrongness of war to the winds and fight, as an American, for America."

"There!" exclaims the German thirsting for another war against France. "You see! This gentleman agrees with me. He would not sit still and see a foreign flag—the Japanese, for instance—fly over New York."

"He is foolish," rejoins the Rhinelander calmly. "Why shouldn't the Japanese flag fly over New York? Why should any American try to prevent it from flying over New York, if, by so doing, he gets himself mixed up in a war?"

A Hopeless Creature.

The other German shakes his head despairingly. With a shrug of his shoulders he dismisses his companion as a hopeless creature. And the American, having had a taste of strength of the Rhinelander's convictions, decides likewise not to assail his Gibraltar of pacifism.

All three sip coffee in silence. And, once more the American gets the uncanny feeling that he has been listening to the spokesmen of two Germanys, one of which is bound to hurl the other aside and, by its victory, give a shape to history which, otherwise, history would not have. He waits to hear more.

For a short time the two Germans watch the throng as it moves past. Then, painfully groping his way forward, comes a blind war veteran. He is frail and broken. On his cheeks under his sightless eyes the marks left by the powder which made him blind still show, as a dull grayish covering over the skin. Both the man from the Rhineland and the other German fix their gaze upon him. They watch him steadily until he has slowly groped his way past their table.

Neither speaks for a bit. The first to open his mouth is the man from the Rhineland.

"Never again!" he says softly.

The other seems not to hear.

"Have you any sons?" he asks.

"Two," says the Rhinelander.

"Old enough to go to school?"

"Yes."

"So have I. Both my boys are at school. And, thank God, at our schools—at every German school—the boys are being taught in the right way. They are being taught what Germany is, what it means to be patriotic, what they must do for Germany when they grow up. And not only that—they are being drilled, actually drilled like soldiers, so that they may be ready when the day of revenge dawns. Yes, thank God, the schools of Germany are teaching and training boys to be Germans!"

"Bah!" says the man from the Rhineland.

Charon Potts, the Goose Crick Ferryman

"I KIN CLAIM THEM BOYS IN SWIMMING LEFT THET SOAP ON THEM ROCK
FERRY
AT THIS TIME OF YEAR WHEN GOOSE CRICK IS VERY LOW CHARON OFTEN PUTS SOFT SOAP ON THE STEPPING STONES FOR THE BENEFIT OF ANY TRYING TO WALK ACROSS INSTEAD OF PAYING FERRY FARE.

ABE MARTIN

Very few folks kin stand prosperity — 'specially if its their neighbor's.

Th' cooler a fat girl dresses th' warmer she looks.

Rippling Rhymes

BY WALT MASON

Be Patient

LAST evening, as I drove my car along the thoroughfare, a tire blew out with frightful jar, at which I tore my hair. To me it is a punishment to change a rubber tire, for I'm a wide and portly gent, I fluently perspire. And so when I had stopped the bus, and it had ceased to choo, I roundly started in to cuss as Flanders troopers do. "Be patient," said my stately aunt, who on the back seat sat; "it makes me tired to hear you rant and see you smash your hat. Just wait till some one comes along and sees your damaged cart, some youngster who is hale and strong, with kindness in his heart. He'll note that you are too obese to ply an iron tool, that when you toil the melted grease forms round you in a pool. And he'll observe your martyr looks as you survey the wreck, and he will say to you, 'Gadzooks! I'll change your tire, by heck!'" For human kindness is a star that glows with changeless fire, and when men see how fat you are, they'll change your tire." My aunt, she wears Elijah's robe, her visions all come true; and soon arrived a youth named Job, who made things good as new. And when I paid him half a buck, and gave him blessings nine, I said, while cranking up my truck, "This patience graft is fine!"

The George Matthew Adams Service.

JUST FOLKS

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

The Purpose

Ten thousand born to hew and haul,
To dig the trench and build the wall,
Face dreary duties day by day,
Fashion the steel and mold the clay,
Bear sorrow's hurt and failure's blow,
Summer's hot sun and winter's snow,
Keen disappointment's bitter sting,
And seek through life's long wandering
What oft but very vague appears,
The purpose of man's term of years.

Stripped of the pomp of outward pride,
In city walls, by country side,
All men piece out of pain and strife
Some patchwork of the joy of life.
A few to leadership attain,
But most of us uncheered remain,
Bearing the duties of the day,
Checking the years that pass away,
Adding our little mites unto
The work mankind is called to do.

What do we reap from all the years
Of strife and bitterness and tears?
A bit of laughter here and there,
A ribbon for the wife to wear,
Her smile of welcome and caress.
These are the threads of happiness.
True friends whose voices ring with cheer
Make sweet the days of toiling here,
And to possess a baby's smile
Makes every hour of care worth while.

We should regret a baby's birth
If care and anguish ruled the earth.
Yet world-wide over smiles of joy
Welcome the new-born girl or boy
Into this realm of life where tears
And pain and burdens scar the years.
Because, with all we've known and met,
The trials that have made us fret,
The disappointment and defeat,
Life to the human heart is sweet.

(Copyright, 1922, by Edgar A. Guest.)

Little Toes Superfluous, Like Tonsils, Society Women Believe

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

Is the little toe a superfluous part of anatomy like the appendix? European society women seem to think so and they have both support and opposition from science.

Women abroad are said to be having their little toes cut off in order to wear narrow shoes and women in this country are asking curiously what the result will be. American women are asking whether narrow shoes will fit European women so they will have the poise that comes from a normal foot comfortably shod, or whether the missing toe will leave them rather wobbly.

A government doctor, who prefers not to be named, expressed his unofficial opinion. He believes the loss of one toe would not seriously hamper locomotion in an individual who did not demand too much of her feet. In other words, the very languid woman who need exert herself only to get from her drawing room to her limousine might have her little toe cut off without feeling any particular loss.

But few women of this energetic age save their feet to this extent. The woman in society, supposedly a sedentary type, often has to stand and look pleasant for long streches of time. Sports and dancing, which play so large a part in the social whirl, demand foot comfort if pleasure is to be derived from them. This doctor thinks where poise and balance are important, as in most sports, the absence of the little toe would prove a handicap. For ordinary walking there probably would be no discomfort, at least for a time. When they are encased in tight shoes the toes do not function as they do when a person walks barefoot and grips the gorund with them.

He thinks later there may be trouble, through weakening of the arches. Experts say the weight of the foot is properly distributed when a balance is preserved between the three points of the triangle made by the foot. The heel is one of the points and the others are at the base of the first and fifth toes. A good deal of trouble with arches is attributed to the foot being allowed to bend inward. The weight of the body is then on the inside of the foot and the pressure is too great for the arches.

A teacher of ballet dancing agrees with this opinion. Both hold the outer toes are important for balance. When you grip the floor with the outside of the foot the weight is distributed properly and the arches are raised as they should be, the ballet dancer says. If you try this when you are not wearing a shoe you can see his point easily. Then let the foot bend in and see the arch sink and the foot lose its proper alignment.

ESTABLISHES RADIO MEDICAL SERVICE

Taking precedence over all but SOS calls, a new system of medical service and consultation by radio for ships at sea has been established by an American steamship company.

This service which is primarily designed to assist vessels not carrying medical officers, is free to the ships of all nations. It has been worked out by George S. Davis, general manager of the radio telegraph department of the United Fruit Co.

"This means," said an announcement "that the captain of any steamship requiring medical assistance may radio to one of our hospitals or passenger ships details of a case of illness or accident on his vessel and receive without charge, so far as this company and its subsidiaries are concerned, experienced medical advice."

Cow Uncovers Gold Vein

C. T. Johnson, Los Angeles capitalist, has a million-dollar cow. It is of no unusual breed, nor does she give a record supply of milk or butter.

According to news reaching Los Angeles the cow fell in a well on Johnson's Nevada ranch, across the California border near Needles, and when the animal was extricated from the hole, with the aid of a derrick, it was discovered a hoof of the cow uncovered a rich vein of gold.

VARIETIES

Wales has the largest slate quarries in the world.

Chinese astronomical records go back to 2356 B. C.

Powdered shark's skin is used for polishing diamonds.

In Basel, Switzerland, is a cathedral fonnded in 1010.

Phosphate of lime taken from slag is a valuable fertilizer.

The French bastile was founded in 1369 and destroyed in 1789.

India has 30 cities with a population of more than 100,000 each.

Sweden is a land of enlightenment; education is compulsory.

Tennyson began writing poetry before he was six years of age.

The two words "skirt" and "shirt" were originally the same.

The prick of certain fresh water catfish is like the sting of a wasp.

There are 6,500,000 families living on farms in this city country.

The Chinese and New Zealanders believe that red frightens evil spirits.

Absence from church was a punishable offense in the seventeenth century.

A bathometer measures the depth of the sea under vessels without sounding.

The badger is an animal much feared by the superstitious Japanese mind.

The finest Kashmir shawls cost as much as $1,500 when bought in that country.

The finest public collection of postage stamps is that in the Berlin Postal Museum.

By adding pulverized mica, concrete can be made closely to resemble granite.

Ocean steamers ascend the river Amazon for a distance of 2,800 miles from the sea.

Lie detecting by a special electric machine is the latest invention against false evidence.

It has been found that salts of lead, in very small amounts, will stimulate plant growth.

A system of shorthand was published by Dr. Bright, a London physician, as long ago as 1588.

The estates of the Duke of Gellington are still held by the annual offering to the king of a flag.

Women have been employed in the railway, postal and telegraph service of Belgium since 1882.

The first bicycle of the present type, two wheels of about the same size, was brought out in 1885.

Around the San Juan river, in Colombia, is located the greatest platinum field yet discovered.

The forests of eastern Poland contains 3,500,000,000 cubic feet of timber available for exploitation.

Saw-fish, found mainly in the tropics, often exceed 20 feet in length, with a saw six feet long.

The violet is the flower of the Mohammedan religion and violet is the mourning color of its followers.

In 1921 a total of 100,000,000 barrels of Portland cement was manufactured in the United States.

The annual flow of the Mississippi is said to carry to the sea about 400,000,000 tons of solid matter.

Of the 287,000 women who became brides in England last year, nearly 250 were more than 70 years of age.

There are only 183 persons in France with an income of more than $75,000 a year at present exchange.

More than 60 per cent of the men students earn at least part of their expenses at the University of Wisconsin.

The United States treasury is paying pensions to 60 widows of the War of 1812 and 2,000 widows of the Mexican war.

The Chinese objected to railway building because white men went through their cemeteries with surveys and roads.

The Royal Scots, or First Foot, is the oldest regiment in the British army, with the Coldstream Guards ranking second.

Representatives of the American Legion are found in no fewer than 50,000 cities, towns and villages in the United States.

According to estimates, 14,448,000 battle deaths have occurred in all the wars of the world waged between 1790 and 1918.

Canada has 33 officers and 510 men serving on the ships of the navy. Civil employes of the naval department number 278.

It is said that a well-built chimney 100 feet high will sway from three to four inches in high winds without danger of falling.

Of the 200,000 negro soldiers sent overseas during the World war, battle deaths amounted to 474, while the total deaths were 9,765.

The oldest artesian well in Europe is found at Lillers, France. From its mouth water has flowed uninterruptedly for more than 750 years.

Health score charts are being used in school rooms for the determination of the physical condition of the children attending school.

The Chinese pen is a brush made made of soft hair, which is best adapted for painting the curiously formed letters of the Chinese alphabet.

Tannin, used in the leather industry in this country, is commonly obtained from chestnut and quebracho woods, and from oak and hemlock barks.

Trade unions, as known in America, are illegal in Japan. Nevertheless, the workers combine after a fashion and strikes are becoming increasingly common.

The oldest aeronautical laboratory in the United States from the point of view of continuous service is that of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

In preparing breakfast a woman takes 446 steps; in preparing lunch 651 steps, and in preparing dinner 990 steps—unless she lives in a kitchenette apartment.

In one year the population of one of the important watchmaking towns in Switzerland has decreased by nearly 1,500 on account of the depression in the industry.

Pilots in the United States army air service last year in 89 fields throughout the country made cross-country flights totaling 5,068,903 miles. This is a distance 202 times around the world at the equator.

HOUSEHOLD and CHILDREN

HOW BOOKS CAN HARM

BY MARTHA HOLDEN

LAST WEEK we suggested books as a balm for troubled spirits. This week we are going to use the woman's right to be contrary and say that the reading of books can be overdone.

Judgment is such a rare quality that it seems too bad that so many things depend upon it.

Moderation depends upon judgment. Moderation is necessary in every undertaking. How many times we find a lack of this in the inveterate reader. Books are so fascinating that the first thing we know there is another bookworm added to a long list.

Makes Business of Reading.

There is a prominent woman giving lectures throughout the United States—mostly book reviews. If not of late books, intimate talks on the works of great writers. In an hour she can explain the plot, depict the characters so that they become quite real, emphasize the history, find the wit, the moral, and the reason for the writing, and sometimes we think she can put more into Shakespeare's works, for instance, than Shakespeare knew he had put in it himself.

This woman gets the proofs of the new books written by well-known authors on account of the reputation she has acquired, but this adds to her obligations as well, and she has to read all the books of present day writers in order to be an exact authority. In June and July of this year she read 40 books. Think of it!

Give this same woman a pencil and paper and she can write a good editorial that is, it sounds good and it is full of pithy remarks, but notice the copy and you will find that it is full of quotation marks. She has forfeited the ability to think for herself. She can repeat the fine thoughts of others, and this is indeed a commendable quality, but for character, real sound, dependable all-around character, one has to KNOW that the things they read are true and they cannot know unless they have found out from their own experience. They have to DO things before they can fully appreciate the meaning of books.

Applies Nothing.

Another woman, prominent in club work, an old maid, too, by the way, reads, reads, reads all the time. She also is proud of the NUMBER of books she has read. She sits on the porch in a comfortable porch swing and devours the books people are talking about. Usually the books people are talking about are short-lived. But the time wasted can never be made up.

"It is wonderful," she says, "the power a strong will has over others." You recognize the thought, don't you? She agrees with the philosophy and understands the concrete examples. Almost in the same breath she says she wishes she had done something worth while in life—that she knows she has that "will" idea down fine—that she could do most anything she set her mind on. If you are so bold as to ask her why she does not start, she has a raft of excuses. "Too old" or "where could she apply for a job," "never had any education along that line, and now people are expected to be trained in their work," and so on. Another case where she will have to use her will if it is ever going to do her any good. Reading about how powerful a will is will never get anybody anywhere. Reading about anything, no matter how good, is worthless unless the lesson is applied. Reading for pleasure repeatedly is a dangerous thing.

Read and Live.

Living is so much more satisfactory, living your own individual life, trying your wings, making mistakes, meeting disappointments, and enjoying the happy things.

Read your book and then live a while. Read another and see if you think it is true. If you know from your own experience that you do not agree—so much the better, for you have found a mind of your own, and you have discovered that there are different viewpoints, but they do not change the fundamental truths.

Why not get your comfort and suggestions from good books, books that have stood the test of the difference of opinion for many years? Why not live a story book life yourself? Not necessarily a life of thrills, but a life which you would not be ashamed to have recorded. The best part of a book, anyway, don't you think, is the part that makes you say, "that certainly is true—why, I have had that very same feeling myself."

MERRY-GO-ROUND

Is thy crust of comfort failing? Rise
and share it with another,
And though all the years of famine,
it shall serve thee and thy
brother;
Love divine will fill thy storehouse,
or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often make
a royal feast for two.
—George H. Morrison.

SOUNDS GOOD!

Good afternoon, everybody! My, I am glad to find you all out here on the porch. Hot, isn't it? Here, Auntie, I have brought you some home brew, nice and cold, right off the ice. Why, what's the matter? Of course it hasn't any "kick" in it, so you don't need to look so horrified. I poured the juice off a two-quart pan of prunes, put in a quart of canned strawberries, some water and sugar and the juice of a couple of lemons, packed in ice for a while. I think there's enough to go round. That's right, everybody have some.

If we could have some of Apple Blossom's shortcake, it would go fine, but let me tell you, Apple Blossom, don't take anything like that on an auto trip out West or anywhere else, but take something that will "stay put." As I took a motor trip from the state of Washington to New York and BACK one Summer, I know what I am talking about.

I want to say just a few words to Nuisance, although I don't like her name at all. I am sure she is anything but a nuisance in her home, caring so nobly for the parent who needs her.

It is a great thing to be needed, my dear, and there is no one else who could fill your place and carry your burdens for you. This debt that we owe our parents for our existence is one we can never pay. If you have had to sacrifice, you will receive your reward. God never shuts one door but He opens another one for us. Our work is to find it and enter and take possession of our kingdom. How do you know you would have been happier if you had taken another way?

"Now I know that Thou hast
shaped my way,
Morning and evening, always, day
by day;
Following Thee, I count not gain
or loss,
Although Thou leadest me through
the garden to the cross."

I think I have met Bachelor Bill, Pearl Vegetable and some others before. They seem like old friends.—Ella Brooks Holcom, Sharon, Wash.

LETTERS EXPRESS REAL SELVES.

I want to write today because I must tell all how I've enjoyed the wonderful letters. Letters written with open hearts and minds where neither cloaks of fashion nor rules of etiquette hindered the rush of words of life from the depths of human souls.

Aunt Martha, it was your letter which prompted me to write. Only once in days long ago, did I ever attempt to write The Blade. At that time I poured forth my critical ideas concerning the dance question, which was being discussed, and they were radical views expressed by an immature mind. Mr. W. B. evidently thought so, too, for they didn't pass him by.

Just a few years, but there has been a change—the foolish ideas of youth are in their yesterdays for the great university of experience and hard knocks can change the currents of the human mind and life as the great river changes placid waters to dangerous rapids and turbulent cataracts and back again to the waters of tranquility.

There seems to be an ever changing something that gathers us up and carries us on—on into that mysterious realm we call the future into which the eye of man cannot penetrate. Only the soul of the spiritual being can fathom its depths in the blessedness of hope.

Why is it so? Each of us cruise the placid waters and then the turbulent tides, and I wonder if in our Dream Ship we will always cruise under tranquil skies.

Sometimes in our journey through life it is hard to know which road to take, but I feel that there is a hand that points the way at every crossing and if we will only be guided by that something our hopes and our longings will not be in vain and there will be a Dream Ship which will carry the souls of ten thousand times ten thousand cousins to an Isle of Golden Dreams where there will be no more heartaches, nor hopeless longings.

There now—I had to express myself and the cousins are the only ones who understand. I won't dare tell how old I am, so I can't find a twin, but I guessed where it is that Aunt Martha sometimes takes dinner, for I've been there, too, and stood on the bluff where the rippling Maumee and Auglaize rivers meet. Am I right?

I'm going back in September to the little college near there. Maybe I'll see Aunt Martha. With love to all the cousins.—Another Girl from Indiana.

COUNTRY MUSIC.

We country people have little opportunity to hear the world's greatest music. Most of us never hear a grand opera or great orchestra.

But there is an orchestra in every rural community which everyone can hear and learn to love.

God's great bandmaster waves his baton—the red and gold of the morning. And when he waves it over one farm a rooster crows. At another a turkey gobbles. And then with a swing toward the forest you hear the far-off music of the wild partridge or pheasant. You listen and wonder in reverence as you stand before this perfect harmony.

Many of us have a longing for the hustling life of the big cities, but when we try it the novelty soon wears off. We feel an empty space in our hearts. We miss the sweet influence of sky and field and foliage. Memories of God's wonderful orchestra call us back to the dear old farm.

After all, where can one find more real comfort, peace and contentment than living in a beautiful country home? Anyone about to leave the farm for the city should stop, think and investigate before doing so.—M. L. Carr, Pa.

Household Hints

—Wrap heads of lettuce in waxed paper to keep them crisp.

—Iced tomato bouillon is delicious served with whipped cream.

—If new lamp wicks are soaked in vinegar they will not smoke.

—When cooking beef in a fireless cooker, do not salt until done.

—In making candy, a teaspoonful of vinegar will prevent stickiness.

A dash of salt in fudge takes away that insipid flavor.

Frozen fruit mayonnaise makes an excellent salad dessert.

—Use soda on a damp cloth to clean the nickel on the kitchen range.

Delicious croquettes can be made with chopped spinach and chopped boiled ham.

A soft rich shade of dye can be procured by adding a package of black dye to a package of the color desired.

Creates Sensation

EDYTHE STERLIN

—Wide World Photo

One way of attracting attention to the Spanish war veterans' organization in Los Angeles was the escapade of Edythe Sterlin who is mistress of the '49 camp and coronation ball.

Miss Sterlin rode an Arabian horse to the desk of the fashionable Ambassador hotel to complete arrangements for the event. Guests of this exclusive hostelry were thrown into a near panic.

Mixing With Martha

Rummage Pickles.

Two quarts of green tomatoes, two quarts ripe tomatoes, three bunches of celery, four sweet peppers, four cucumbers, one small head of cabbage. Chop all fine and sprinkle with one-half cup of salt; let stand awhile and drain over night, then add two pints vinegar, not too strong, two pounds light brown sugar, one teaspoonful white mustard seed. Cook about one hour, slowly, can and seal. Makes seven pints.

Sweet Cucumber Pickles.

One gallon vinegar, one-half cup salt, one cup white mustard seed, one-half teaspoonful saccharine, one-half teaspoonful oil of cinnamon, one cup horseradish. Cover with leaves.

Chopped Pickles.

One peck green tomatoes, one peck cabbage, 12 green peppers, three ripe peppers. Chop all fine. Salt the tomatoes and cabbage and let stand over night. In the morning squeeze out all the water, add pepper and mixed spices, pack in jars, cover with cold vinegar. If desired, onions can be chopped and put in with the rest.

To Pickle Cucumbers.

One gallon of vinegar, one cup of sugar, one cup of horseradish chopped fine, one-half cup each of salt and ground mustard, five cents' worth of mixed spices. Do not heat this, as it is a cold process. Wash the cucumbers, pour boiling water over them and let them stand over night. Drain, wipe dry and drop in the cold vinegar in layers. Add the mixed spices between each layer.

Cucumber Pickles.

Put cucumbers in cold, weak brine (one and one-half cups salt to one gallon of water) one day and night. Take out; dry on cloth. To one gallon of vinegar and two cups sugar and nearly one ounce of mixed spice. Heat these boiling hot. Put pickles in and let boil up once. Put in cans immediately and pour the hot vinegar over them. These are nice and sweet and will keep a long time. They will not shrivel. One gallon of vinegar will cover two gallons of cucumbers.

Our Correspondents

Doesn't it make you happy to be around the kitchen during pickling time? The countless city workers without homes who have to eat at boarding houses or restaurants miss that delicious thrill of "homey" canning time, and we feel sorry for them.

Who can give Mrs. Mason a good recipe for pickled onions and cauliflower?

Another reader has a half acre of sugar corn ready to can and would like recipes. "He" wrote the note, but we think that we read between the lines that "she" will do the canning.

Mrs. Durga of Conecticut sent us "The Frog Song" which was requested for publication. She heard it when she was a child and she is now 61 years old. Mrs. Durga has more old songs like that one, and says when she gets the time she will send them. She wonders, too, if the person who requested "The Frog Song" ever lived in Patterson, New York, where she did.

Who has the music to the songs "Sunny Tennessee," and "The Letter Edged in Black?" A reader from Carpenter, Ohio, would gladly pay for the music if anyone would send it to her. As she left no address, it can be sent to The Blade in care of Aunt Martha, who will be glad to forward it if the Ohio reader will send address.

Oriental poppy seeds, pansies and clovers still bring their happy messages into the office, and the other day two interesting leaves dropped out from an envelope and seemed like a personal visit. They were unusually interesting with their various colors and intricate markings. The plants themselves must be beautiful.

BOYS AND GIRLS

If time is precious, no book that will not improve by repeated readings deserves to be read at all.—Thomas Carlyle.

WHEW! HOW'S THIS?

Please let me have a seat over there by Bill from Georgia. Here is King Philip on the other side. Just the person I was wishing to see, as I have a very important question to ask him and I hope his answer will help out my side of the debate. "Debate!" did I hear someone say? Oh, yes, and a good lively one, too. Lucky I'll be if I get away from here with all my hair on my head and both eyes open and able to see.

Now Bill, I suppose Aunt Martha and a good many of the cousins wish to know why you are an anti-suffragist. Well, little cousin, I am with you and I have several reasons that I call excellent ones, and the first and greatest one of all is the command that God gave all women to be silent even in church and to obey their husbands.

And the next is the woman in her home. I enjoy seeing a wife and mother who loves her home and takes care of her children in the old-fashioned way.

How many suffragist children know the joy of having mother rock them to sleep when it comes bed time? Very few, I imagine.

Now, King Philip, give your attention a moment. What kind of a lady do you want your wife to be? If you are not running for some office I can guess your answer, if you are—look out! Remember the women have something to say about who is elected and they want someone who will stand up for them.

Where is the man who enjoys going home to dinner out of cans? With wife away, perhaps lecturing on woman suffrage or attending a lecture given by some other woman. Men's feelings have not changed so much. They still want a wife to protect and care for them instead of what they usually get today, an independent, self-reliant, worldly woman who takes things into her own hands the moment that hubby dares to speak his own mind.

Now Bill, what is your idea? You must let us know why you are not for woman's suffrage. And Slivver, over there behind that hot stove, covered with canners, filled with such delicious meats and vegetables. Did she learn to can like that by marching with the eager throng who surrounded the White House? Thank you very much for those recipes. They are great—Mick of Michigan.

OHIO NOT SO SLOW.

California Poppy, your letter is grand. You wanted someone to write about a trip to their state capital. I was in Columbus three years ago. It has a beautiful state building, grounds and parks.

I think the Household page is fine. It is the first page I look at when I get The Blade.

Brown Eyes of Ohio, we are neighbors, although I do not know you personally. Come again and tell me in what part of Ohio you live.

Have I a twin? I will be 12 July 14.

I saw someone's letter from North Carolina telling what the state was noted for. They can't boast for everything. Ohio has the largest augur bit factory in the United States and probably in the world. The agur bit factory is in my home town. Ohio has large rolling mills and powder factories. More presidents are from Ohio than from any other state.—Blue-Eyes of Ohio.

CUTIE CUTS UP.

There sits Bachelor Billy gazing at the stars and Weary, are you still weary? Our Dream Ship is traveling pretty fast, and oh, such wonderful scenery everywhere.

Redwing, I agree with you about the best menu and the songs I like best are "When I'm Gone You'll Soon Forget Me," and the answer, "When You're Gone I Won't Fodget you," and the new one, "Smilin' Through."

Auntie dear, I thank you for using the poem "Crossing the Bar." It is wonderful. "Sunset and the evening star, And one clear call for me, And may there be no moaning at the bar, when I put out to sea."

Winsome Rose of Indiana, your small poem is a dear. I think it is worth remembering.

J. V., you are so interesting in your odd ways. Come often.

St. Joe Sister, I don't know the Indian yell, but my mother and I join in asking you to return with that description. Please.

Dick, don't think everyone misses the Short and Sweet corner. I like the way you go right at it. Ha, ha.

Nuisance, give us your own opinion as to the question.

Don Quixote, them's my sentiments. Where snakes are my feet take a notion to move.

Connie Cute, you'd better be on your guard because you've started "somepin." I'm still—Cutie.

REMEMBER THIS HISTORY?

Hello folks! Isn't the Household page a treat for us girls and boys? And one we get every week, too! I am sure we appreciate it, don't we, cousins? It is always full of the most interesting and helpful letters and through its pages the cousins have found some very dear friends.

I like to read the letters from Contemplator, Dixie Moonbeam and Country Jake and many others that are too numerous to mention.

Perhaps it will interest some of the cousins to know that I live near the oldest town in Tennessee, also where Bean Bean built his first cabin and where Daniel Boone killed the bear. Perhaps some of you remember reading about it, for it is spoken of in history. I live near by the creek that is called Boone's creek in honor of Daniel Boone. This little creek empties into the Watagua river. People come to this river on picnics in the Summer, also several people come from distant places to see the tree where Boone killed the bear and where Bean built the first cabin in Washington county.

Before going I will ask the customary question, "Have I a twin?" I declare my independence every Fourth of July. I was 18 July 4.—Sunny Tennessee.

VISITED CHAUTAUQUA.

I wonder if St. Joe Sister could tell us what the Indian yell is and how to give it? I for one, vote for another story from her. Come on, St. Joe Sister.

Didn't Auntie write us a chatty letter this time though? It was just like sitting down on her front porch and visiting. I noticed some of the cousins were quite chatty too. Well Don Quixote, my bug-bear while berrying is a hornet's nest. I am frightfully afraid of them. Never have rattlesnakes around here very much.

I wonder where Hoote has gone to? Come again and let us see your face. Johnny Funnyman is always welcome.

How many are attending Chautauqua? I have been one night in Windsor, N. Y. It was very good too. Splendid violin music. A Russian lecturer spoke to us concerning the agricultural situation in Russia since the World war. He served a term in a German prison during the war. An Italian sang several songs in his native tongue. Very good tenor singer. I had the pleasure of hearing Homer Rodehaver sing, talk and do a few slight-of-hand tricks. He is one fine singer I think.

Lots of huckleberries and blackberries this year to can. They sure taste good in school dinner pails. Pretty near time for school to open, isn't it?—Peg O' the Hills.

ART IN THE HOME

SUMMER PARTY SUGGESTIONS

Sometimes it is not necessary to use a needle and thread or paint to add a dainty touch to the house. Ingenuity has its reward by the exclamations of porch party guests when they find something pretty which the hostess has planned purposely to please them.

Use Ferns.

One young woman found some delicate green ferns and placed them on the plate underneath the glass sherbet dish. It had the most cooling effect and suggested the shade of woods and the refreshing atmosphere of swaying branches in quiet places.

Try Flower Blossoms.

At an out-door luncheon chicken salad was served and on each plate beside the crispy lettuce was a bright nasturtium blossom and leaf. Of course nobody has to eat the flower but the idea need not be so ridiculous after all, as some people have discovered that they like the flavor of nasturtium stems in salad dressing. The blossom actually added sunshine to the service of a simple repast.

Garnish With Mint.

There is nothing new about the slice of lemon which is found to be so appetizing in a glass of iced tea or lemonade. It is especially attractive when balanced on the rim of the glass with a sprig of mint as a ballast. Or a cherry stuck through the slice of lemon with a toothpick will make a tempting morsel. Why be prosaic and take food for granted. Dress it up and see the fun. Father will probably prefer his potatoes plain but this wasn't written for fathers.

Begins World Trip

—Wide World Photo

For two years Miss Jane Burr expects to travel around the world studying marital conditions for her new book material. Miss Burr, who is a well known novelist and poetess, will make the entire trip garbed in "knickers."

Short and Sweet

There is something fascinating about picking favorites — picking our favorite flower, our favorite song and what not. Aunt Martha's favorite flower when she was a tiny girl was a pansy, so more for constancy's sake, probably, than for any other reason the pansy is still her choice. The funny part is that she doesn't think the pansy is the prettiest flower now at all, but she still loves it best.

And now that election time is here again, we must pick a different kind of favorite, but nevertheless we have to make a choice. All candidates may be good, but we cannot have them all, so we naturally vote for the man who has done something in his life which has made a special impression on us. Today you may do something which will count years from now. It may be the little thing which will influence the public or a friend or your sweetheart possibly to vote for you when you find that you cannot go far in this world all alone.

Glorianna Gadabout's letter is responsible for the above paragraph, for she cloaked her favorite songs in rhyme, and altogether there were 17! It was jolly good fun reading them all, but we shall tease her a little bit about having so many. This is part of the clever letter:

"Were it my lot one choice to make
I hardly know which song I'd take.
I love them all: yes every one
I sing from dawn to setting sun.
Please steer the Dream Ship down
this way
And have a good old sing-song day.
We'll sing and sing and sing some
more
We'll make these hills and valleys
roar.
Aunt Martha shall our leader be
And Don must hold my book for me.
So all you cousins get in line
And come to Tennessee some time."

A girl who helps raise chickens, turkeys, pigs and calves loves to read and do housework. She would gladly exchange flower seeds for Fall sowing, and asks if anyone of the boys and girls have the song, "Oh the Moon Is Shining Bright Along the Wabash."

Little Dottie, you have a playfellow, Marguerite. Her mother has brought her for a visit in Short and Sweet and she knows we will all like her because she is so cunning. She is also a twin to New Year's Gift of Ohio. She will be two years old December 31. Have you guessed who her mother is? You will know when you learn that her little brother is the baby we call the "pocket edition" of Johnny Funnyman because he is so funny. And now what do you think he is doing—taking care of part of the garden all by himself! Come on, you little folks—a household certainly is not complete without the prattle of silvery laughter and the gurgles and coos of the members of our cradle roll!

Adievilo, June Bug is glad to hear that you named your pet after her although she says she pities it. She knows what a dear a little Jersey calf is because she used to have one when she lived in the country. June Bug wants to know who the other cousin is who signed her name Another June Bug, and she asks Felicia if her mother is her twin (June 19).

This is not all for June Bug—she actually won a prize for a poem. Johnny Funnyman, Happy Mountain Boy and Rhyme Stringer, look to your laurels, for the girls are "getting there."

American Birthdays

Aug. 18, 1835—Marshall Field, merchant of Chicago.

Aug. 19, 1855—Wilson G. Smith, pianist and composer.

Aug. 20, 1833—Benjamin Harrison, 23d president of U. S.

Aug. 21, 1785—Oliver H. Perry, naval officer.

Aug. 22, 1868—Maud Powell, violinist.

Aug. 23, 1830—Oscar C. Fox, inventor.

Aug. 24, 169[illegible] Elisha [illegible]iams, president of Yale.

POETS' CORNER

Two Hundred Years Ago

MELLEN.

Wake your harp's music! — louder— higher,
And pour your strains along;
And smite again each quivering wire,
In all the pride of song!
Shout like those god-like men of old,
Who, daring storm and foe,
On this blest soil their anthem rolled,
Two hundred years ago!

From native shore by tempest driven,
They sought a purer sky,
And found beneath a milder heaven,
The home of liberty!
An altar rose, and prayers; a ray
Broke on their night of woe,
The harbinger of Freedom's day,
Two hundred years ago!

They clug around that symbol, too,
Their refuge and their all,
And swore while skies and waves were blue,
That altar should not fall.
They stood upon the red man's sod,
'Neath heaven's unpillared bow,
With home, a country, and a God,
Two hundred years ago!

Oh! 't was a hard, unyielding fate
That drove them to the seas,
And Persecution strove with Hate,
To darken her decrees;
But safe above each coral grave,
Each looming ship did go—
And God was on the western wave,
Two hundred years ago!

They knelt them on the desert sand,
By waters cold and rude,
Alone upon the dreary strand
Of oceaned solitude
They looked upon the high blue air,
And felt their spirits glow,
Resolved to live or perish there,
Two hundred years ago!

The warrior's red right arm was bared,
His eyes flashed deep and wild—
Was there a foreign footstep dared
To seek his home and child?
The dark chiefs yelled alarm, and swore
The white man's blood should flow,
And his hewn bones should bleach their shore,
Two hundred years ago!

But lo! the warrior's eye grew dim,
His arm was left alone,
The still, black wilds which sheltered him,
No longer were his own!
Time fled, and on the hallowed ground
His highest pine lies low,
And cities swell where forests frowned
Two hundred years ago!
Oh! stay not to recount the tale—
'T was bloody, and 't is past;
The firmest cheek might well grow pale,
To hear it to the last.
The God of heaven, who prospers us,
Could bid a nation grow,
And shield us from the red man's curse,
Two hundred years ago!

Come, then, great shades of glorious men,
From your still glorious grave;
Look on your own proud land again,
O bravest of the brave!
We call you from each mouldering tomb,
And each blue wave below,
To bless the world ye snatched from doom,
Two hundred years ago!

Then to your harps — yet louder — higher,
And pour your strains along,
And smite again each quivering wire,
In all the pride of song!
Shout for those god-like men of old,
Who, daring storm and foe,
On this blest soil their anthem rolled,
Two hundred years ago!

What Would His Answer Be?

Now what were the words of Jesus,
And what would He pause and say,
If we were to meet in home or street
The Lord of the world today?
Oh, I think He would pause and say:
"Go on with your chosen labor;
Speak only good of your neighbor;
Widen your farms and lay down your arms,
Or dig up the soil with each sabre."

Now what were the answer of Jesus
If we should ask for a creed
To carry us straight to the wonderful gate;
When spirit from body is freed?
Oh, I think He would give us this creed:
"Praise God, whatever betide you;
Cast joy on the lives beside you;
Better the earth by growing in worth,
With love as the law to guide you."

Now what were the answer of Jesus,
If we should ask Him to tell
Of that last great goal of the homing soul
Where each of us hopes to dwell?
Oh, I think it is this He would tell:
"The soul is the builder — then wake it;
The mind is the kingdom — then take it;
By thought upon thought let Eden be wrought,
For heaven will be what you make it."

Snatches From W. B.

I am a little lonesome West Virginia girl and I never had a twin. Please find me a twin. I was 19 Aug. 1.—Sweet Marie.

This is my first attempt to join your jolly circle as I was afraid of Mr. W. B., but they "all flop sooner or later." Isn't it grand that we all like our states so well? Kansas Sunflower, my birthday is Aug. 21, but you are three years my senior. Come on Rhyme Stringer and take the place of—Bruno of Ohio.

I read all the letters in The Blade and don't know which ones I like best. I live on a farm upon a hill and catch the breeze from all points. My sister and I have lots of fun working in the hay. Switzerland of America, I have my hair bobbed and think it is much better than puffs rolled over rats.—Shortie of Pa.

Connie Cute, let me be with you. I am thinking that short skirts should be put out of date.—Cut Cleen of West Virginia.

St. Joe Sister, come again with your interesting Indian stories. Lone Star and Sunflower, come along also. Mary May of Iowa, I think Johnny Funnyman's name is Lee Ice.—Queen Esther.

I have read The Blade as long as I can remember and I expect to read it as long as I live. I live in the country on a high hill where you can see for miles around.—A Little Stepmother.

Honey Girl from Virginia, come along and tell us about your bees.—E. S.

I saw where Twilight was hunting for a twin. I am her twin for I was born Nov. 9.—Just a Farm Boy from W. Va.

The subject of whether one should leave school to care for aged parents is worth much thought and consideration. I take the affirmative side of the question. Lone Star, I have a brother whose birthday is Nov. 8, but he is two years younger than you. I will be 18 Nov. 16—not quite on Lone Star's birthday.—Petunia.

The Frog Song

A frog went a courting, he did ride, uh huh
A frog went a courting he did ride,
With his sword and pistol by his side, uh huh.

He rode till he came to Lady Mouse's door, uh huh,
He rode till he came to Lady Mouse's door,
Where he'd spent many an hour before, uh huh.

"Oh say, Lady Mouse are you within uh huh,
Oh say, Lady Mouse are you within?"
"Oh yes, Kind Sir, I sit and spin, uh huh."

"Oh say Lady Mouse, will you marry me, uh huh
Oh say Lady Mouse, will you marry me?"
"Oh yes Kind Sir, I'll marry thee, uh huh."

"When shall the wedding supper be, uh huh,
When shall the wedding supper be?"
"Away down yonder in the hollow tree, uh huh."

"What shall the wedding supper be, uh huh,
What shall the wedding supper be?"
"Two big beans and a black eyed pea, uh huh."

The first came in was Uncle Rat, uh huh,
The first came in was Uncle Rat
He had some 'taters in his, hat, uh huh.

The next came in was Aunt Lady Mouse, uh huh,
The next came in was Aunt Lady Mouse,
She brought some apples from her house, uh huh.

The next came in was a Bumble Bee, uh huh,
The next came in was a Bumble Bee
With a broken leg and a crooked knee, uh huh.

The frog and the mouse they went to bed, uh huh,
The frog and the mouse, they went to bed
And kicked the sheets clean over their heads, uh huh.

A cat came creeping down the wall, uh huh,
A cat came creeping down the wall,
And pore Lady Mousie gave a squall uh huh.

The frog went leaping to the lake, uh huh,
The frog went leaping to the lake,
But he got swallowed by a big black snake, uh huh.

So this ends the tale of one, two three, uh huh,
So this ends the tale of one, two, three,
The Frog and the Mouse and the Bumble Bee, uh huh.

Down at the Cross

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

Down at the cross where my Savior died,
Down where for cleansing from sin I cried;
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to his name.

Chorus.

Glory to his name, Glory to his name;
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to his name.

I am so wondrously sav'd from sin,
Jesus so sweely abides within;
There at the cross where he took me in;
Glory to his name.

Chorus.

Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean,
Glory to his name.

Chorus.

Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet.
Plunge in today, and be made complete;
Glory to his name.

Chorus.

Only Waiting

FRANCES LAUGHTON MACE.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From this heart once full of day,
Till the dawn of Heaven is breaking
Through the twilight, soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home,
For the Summer time hath faded
And the Autumn winds are come;
Quickly reapers! gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor and desolate.
Even now I hear their footsteps
And their voices far away—
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
When from out the folded darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Wing her passage to the skies.

HER AILMENTS ALL GONE NOW

Mrs. Sherman Helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lake, Michigan. — "About one year ago I suffered with irregularities and a weakness and at times was obliged to stay off my feet. I doctored with our family physician and he finally said he could not understand my case, so I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After I had taken the first bottle I could see that I was getting better. I took several bottles of the Vegetable Compound and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and I am entirely cured of my ailments. You may publish this letter if you wish."—Mrs. M. SHERMAN, Route 2, Lake, Mich.

There is one fact women should consider and that is this. Women suffer from irregularities and various forms of weakness. They try this and that doctor, as well as different medicines. Finally they take Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound, and Mrs. Sherman's experience is simply another case showing its merit.

If your family physician fails to help you and the same old troubles persist, why isn't it reasonable to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound?

THE BIG MUSKEG

By Victor Rousseau
(Copyright 1922, Stewart Kidd Co.)

Continued From Last Week

Yet he went slowly out of the door, and, because the shock had come with stunning force, he was amazed that she did not call him back. He could not make himself understand that all his dreams and hopes of five minutes before were broken. Not until he had reached the portage. Then he stopped and looked back. The door of the store was closed. The light still burned in the factor's room, and he saw Molly cross toward him and fling herself on her knees beside him.

He clenched his fists; but somehow the violence that relieved his feelings usually seemed to have no place here. He couldn't understand. He went home slowly across the portage.

The factor looked up when Molly entered, and was astonished to see the tears upon her face. When she kneeled down he put his hand clumsily upon her hair.

"What has happened, lass?" he asked. "Was it Will Carruthers ye quarreled with?"

"He will never come here again," said Molly.

A dull fire burned in the factor's eyes. He seemed to be struggling between two impulses: One was to comfort his daughter; the other, his gratification.

"Ah, weel, lass, ye'll find another," he said.

But he abased his head before her indignant glance. At that moment the girl felt that her father and she were farther apart than they had ever been.

When Wilton reached his shack he took off his coat and flung himself down on his bed. He would not speculate on Molly's motives. He would not think of her at all. He would neither condemn her nor pity himself. A long time afterward—yes; but, under a blow, he pulled himself together and shut his mind as resolutely as he clenched his teeth in determination.

He forced his mind back to his task. The trestle—he would lay down a corduroy—he would drive the men all the Summer, if need be, for Joe's sake. Poor Joe! The presence of the dead man seemed to fill the camp just as of old. Joe was the guiding spirit of this work. He had loved Joe more truly than it seemed possible to love any woman.

He completed the few routine duties of the office and went to bed. He dozed off to sleep when something made him start up in bed and listen intently. He thought he had heard a slight sound in the office.

It was so slight that even his trained ears sent the message to his brain doubtfully. But it came again. Someone had very softly clicked back the catch of one of the windows.

He had the sense of a listener beneath it, and, all alert, Wilton crept noiselessly to his feet and stood listening in the darkness. Now there was no doubt. The window was being pushed very softly open. It was the window between the safe and his bedroom door. In the moonlight Wilton could see that it was opening by inches.

His own door was slightly ajar, and, inch by inch, he pushed it open, too. He saw a pair of hands, white, not work-roughened. A face appeared, and was thrust cautiously inside the room in reconnoissance. Wilton recognized Lee Chambers.

Satisfied, apparently, that Wilton was asleep in the next room, Chambers began to climb over the sill. Wilton waited till he was balanced there, and then, leaping forward, he drove his fist with all his force into his face. He felt the bone of the nose smash under his hand.

With a muffled cry Lee Chambers flung up his hands, slipped backward and fell. As Wilton ran to the window the ex-engineer leaped up and raced toward the trees. The thought of his treachery came into Wilton's mind, and turned his sardonic humor into red rage. He reached into his desk drawer and pulled out the loaded revolver which he kept there. But by the time he was at the window again Chambers was gone.

CHAPTER XVIII
Carruthers Is Tempted.

Three months later an engine pushed two ballast trucks from the west to the east shore of Big Muskeg. The swamp was spanned. The corduroy had been laid upon sinkholes and had borne the ballasting. The trestling ran from bank to bank and carried the metals firmly, but the foundation was only as yet laid half way, and the final proof had yet to be made.

However, Wilton had no doubts of the result. He had tried out the danger-spots. The trestle would contain the ballast. His work had been accomplished.

After the subsidence he had paid a flying visit to Clayton. He had not seen Kitty, and Kitty had not returned to the camp, but he had had a stormy meeting with the directors, and, as he had foreseen, had been given his chance to try once more. There was, indeed, nothing else to be done. Bowyer had made the most of the disaster; but it was to Bowyer's interest that Wilton should try again and fail. That would put the Missatibi promptly into liquidation.

Now Wilton had succeeded. Big Muskeg was conquered, and on the east shore the vanguard of the line was driving the cleared way forward and pegging out the way for the metals. Soon grading would begin, Wilton's camp would shrink, and the engines would be moved ahead, and—he would have time to think.

He dreaded that. He had not seen Molly or the factor since that night of the subsidence. He knew that Bowyer had paid more than one visit to the store, but he shrugged his shoulders and put it out of his mind.

He had that faculty. Softhearted, like his breed of virile men, he had learned to take life as it came. Adversity braced him. He set his shoulders against misfortune. He would have thought it as cowardly to whine mentally as to cringe before a physical threat.

The workmen, after their months of arduous labor, had begun to grow slack. There was restiveness in the camp. Once or twice Wilton had seen signs of liquor. He detected it in the slowing up of work; he had smelled it in the bunkhouses—the penetrating odor of cheap alcohol, with its suggestion of gasoline.

Andersen, forestalling him, came to him about the time of this discovery.

"They're getting that rot-gut again, Mr. Carruthers," he said. "I don't know where. I'm keeping my eyes peeled, but I ain't said nothing."

"The best policy," said Wilton. "The men have worked hard. When this job's finished we'll let them slack up for a day or two. Then we'll get down to business on this proposition. But if you find out anything let me know at once."

A few days later came the spanning of the swamp. On the same afternoon a summons came from the court, together with a letter from Quain. The police had at last picked up Papillon and Passepartout, and had recovered the rifle and transit compass. Wilton was wanted in Clayton to give evidence against the men.

The call was opportune. Wilton had already determined to put into execution a plan that he had formed. It was now October, and little more than two months remained before the loan would be called. That would give Bowyer the control of the Missatibi. Driven by the ironical realization that he was working for Bowyer, Wilton had resolved to go to Clayton as soon as the trestling was completed, and try to raise the money to pay Phayre, who, he knew, would not renew the note.

By this time, thanks to a good press, Bowyer had succeeded in making the Missatibi the joke of Manitoba. In the most obscure newspapers Wilton would read of young couples starting for Big Muskeg on honeymoon trips, and arriving with patriarchal families. They dined off snails, and the only freight appeared to be tortoise-shell.

But Big Muskeg was spanned. And, on the strength of that, Wilton believed the time had come to give Joe's secret to the world. He would publish far and wide the secret of the wheat lands. He would establish sufficient confidence in the line to make the raising of a loan a possibility.

Before leaving he placed a night guard on duty over the office, and arranged with Andersen to have three or four reliable men on watch in the event of the laborers attempting to cross the portage. He went to Clayton and laid his statement before a directors' meeting. They heard him in frigid silence.

"That's an old story," said Curtis, the vice-president, when he had finished.

An angry wrangle followed, which led nowhere. They flatly refused to spend any money on advertising. All the while, Phayre, leaning back in his chair, looked on and took no part in the proceedings.

"It comes to this," said Curtis finally, thumping the table energetically. "We'll have to increase our capital. The delay has eaten into our reserves. We'll have to push straight toward our objective, the Transcontinental. Then we'll have the monopoly of a steady freighting business."

He could not get them to listen to the story of the wheat lands. Wilton wanted to advertise it widely, to open it up to homesteaders. He had plans for elevators. But the directors, who resented Kitty's control, were dead against him, and he got no thanks for what he had done.

The following morning the Sentinel—Phayre's paper—came out with a cartoon showing a widow dropping her mite into a bottomless pail marked "Missatibi," which boiled over a slow fire of wheat stocks.

The story had been known for weeks. It was the joke of Clayton. Several people whom Carruthers met attempted to open it up, until a glance at his face checked them.

Somebody had betrayed the secret, thus forewarning Bowyer and enabling him to open his campaign to deride it. But Wilton would not open his mind to suspicion.

He took counsel with Jim Betts. The old man was frankly pessimistic.

"It looks to me," he ruminated, "as if them two snakes'll get the line. Joe must have been mad, or mightly hard put, when he hypothecated them shares." He turned to Wilton. "What d'ye want to worry about it for, anyway?" he asked. "If Joe took a chance like that, he couldn't have felt too strong about it."

He laid his hand on Wilton's shoulder. "Whisky's good," he said in his odd way. "So's ginger pop. But the mixture's hell. So's women and business, boy. I'd help ye with that loan if I could see my way. But I can't. I've been stung too bad already. Ye'd better make terms with Phayre."

This was one of the worst blows that had fallen. If Betts had lost faith, who would have kept it? He understood the allusion to Kitty. Betts thought he was in love with her. Then so must other people.

He was due at the court that day, and gave his evidence. The halfbreeds received each six months in the penitentiary—a light sentence, on the jury's recommendation. Afterward Wilton had a talk with Quain.

The two men had sullenly refused to give any reason for their flight. If the outlaw Hackett had advised them, they did not put in that plea.

The jury had believed that one of them had accidentally shot Joe, and that this had been the cause of their disappearance. So did Quain, apparently.

"I'm afraid, Will, that we can't hope for anything fresh upon that subject," he said.

This business done, Wilton went to see Kitty, swallowing his pride. After all, it was for Joe that he was pleading. Kitty received him in the old friendly manner, with a touch of reserve that should have put him on his guard. But he began eagerly.

"Kitty," he said, "you know we've crossed the muskeg."

Then Kitty showed her claws.

"I was so glad when I heard of it, Will," she said. "You've been trying to do that all the Summer, haven't you?"

"Why—yes, of course," said Wilton, looking at her in astonishment.

She put her hand on his arm with a caressing gesture. "Do tell me what a muskeg is, Will," she said. "I've heard you speak of it so often, and I can never remember the meaning of those words."

And with that the last of Wilton's illusions fell from him, leaving him face to face with stark reality. He faced Kitty very gently.

"Kitty, listen to me now," he said. "I've been in this game for Joe—and for you. When Joe died I saw that we'd have to fight hard to keep the line. I saw a lot of money in it, later, and meanwhile you'd have enough to live on, so that we could use your capital and your control to carry out Joe's plans."

"Yes, Will," said Kitty, with the air of one who listens wearily to a lesson.

"Joe's borrowing on those shares has changed everything. The loan has to be repaid before the year is out. If it isn't, you lose the line. They'll wreck it, and they'll wreck your fortune, and that of the other investors. Then they'll reconstruct. When the line has ceased to have any value at all, Bowyer and Phayre will have a new line of their own. Do you understand?"

"I'm trying to, Will," said Kitty. "But what do you want me to do?"

"I'm proposing this for your sake, Kitty. If you sell your property in Winnipeg you can raise three or four hundred thousand. I believe I could borrow the rest. That will meet Phayre's loan, and you'll hold the line. It's the only way, because no bank would lend you money on the rest of your shares now, after Bowyer's campaign against us. And he's made the most of the subsidence. It's speculative—what I'm suggesting. But Joe would have done it. And in a few years it'll mean millions."

"Are you sure, Will?" asked Kitty, eagerly.

"Not sure, Kitty, but nearly sure."

"Will, you are Joe's executor. Do you advise me to take that risk?"

"No!" said Wilton sharply.

"But you just said—"

"As Joe's executor, I can't. It's not sound business. An executor dares not advise throwing away a certainty for a speculation. As Joe's executor—no!"

"Then why did you advise me to?" asked Kitty innocently.

"Because I thought you cared for the line, Kitty. Because I thought you shared Joe's dream for the future of the Missatibi. I thought that, even if you lost, you'd have your house here, and your forty thousand—and you'd feel—that you'd done what Joe would have wanted. As your executor I say, sell out to Phayre before it's too late. At least—at least—"

He could get no further. Kitty looked up into his face. "Well, I know how you feel," she said, softly. "I'm so sorry. I've done what you wanted, Will. But I haven't done it for Joe. I've done it for you. Will, you've made your own obstacles. You've never understood me. It's you I want to help; it's you I want my money for, Will."

Afterward Wilton could not imagine how he had found strength to resist her. With Molly lost; Jim Betts himself counseling surrender, and Kitty caring nothing for the line, why did he not let it go? In that black hour the temptation of her presence, the human love that was his for the taking, screamed their weak counsel in his ears.

It may have been the fibre of Puritan ancestors, or simply the inborn instinct to fight to the end, that gave him strength. But he did not know how he left her till he found himself in the street.

He went to the bank, the last place, and the last, hopeless effort, foredoomed to failure. He went into Phayre's office.

"Good morning, Mr. Carruthers," said the president. "What can I do for you?"

"Big Muskeg's bridged," said Wilton. "That should send up the value of the shares. I suggest that you renew Mr. Bostock's loan when it falls due."

"My dear Mr. Carruthers, that's a queer proposition to make to me!" said Phayre. "You're not a simpleton. Need I say anything more?"

"You know the collateral is good."

"Good? It's splendid! I only wish all our paper was as reliable."

"Well? Other banks may think the same—"

"But they won't," said Phayre, smiling. "In ten years, when those wheat lands are in bearing, this will be the newest granary of Canada. Only, they don't know it."

"How do you know it, then?"

"You pledged your word to the directors," he answered. "Of course, there were rumors of it before. But your word is good enough for me, Mr. Carruthers. I'm a booster for Clayton. I believe in those wheat fields—and I'm going to have them. Better throw up your job, Carruthers, and take one with us. What do you say?"

"I'm going back to work for you and Mr. Bowyer right away," said Wilton. "At least, I guess it looks like coming to that. But I've got my job to finish—and I'm going to do it."

CHAPTER XIX
The Abysmal Depths.

Molly did not see Bowyer for two months after Kitty's departure. His next visit was as unexpected as all of his. It was in the afternoon, and the girl came back from a walk along the shore to see him seated in the store, sleek, red, and self-satisfied, and her father standing beside him, with that look of awful fear on his face. She had a momentary impression as if the factor stood up like a well man; but, as she entered, the right leg went dragging under him, and the arm fell limp at his side.

"How d'ye do, Miss MacDonald!" called Bowyer. "I just dropped in to have a chat with the factor in passing. Big things happening here, eh? The Missatibi's mighty slow in crossing Big Muskeg."

Molly flamed at the insult to Wilton. She looked at her father, and the expression on his face went to her heart. She turned swiftly to Bowyer.

"I don't want you to come here again," she said.

He started up, spluttering. "We don't want you," she continued. "And we won't be persecuted by you. There's law in this country."

He burst into mocking laughter. "You never spoke a truer word, Miss McDonald!" he cried. "I came here as a friend."

"You can go as an enemy!" she retorted. "And you can go now. And remember—there are men about here who can use a whip!"

He glared at her, but went without a word, and Molly ran to the factor. "He's torturing you!" she sobbed. "I don't know what his power over you is, but he mustn't come here again!"

A few days later Bowyer went in to Clayton, and, by chance, his visit coincided with Wilton's.

When Wilton left her house, Kitty sank down into a chair, clasping and unclasping her fingers nervously. Her face was white, her breast heaved violently in her emotion. The first time when Wilton had repulsed her, she had been too humiliated and conscience-stricken to bear him resentment. Her visit to Molly had been a sudden evil impulse, which, when done, she had attempted to justify.

She had, of course, succeeded. Gradually she had begun to look upon herself as a deeply-wronged woman. When a woman loves, love is its own justification for acts done in its name.

On the second occasion of her advances to Wilton she saw by instinct that she had almost conquered. She saw, too, that, having lost, she had lost forever. She might win Wilton yet, but never in that way.

Now she would go to any lengths to oust Molly. Molly had never written to her since her departure, and she did not even know if her scheme had succeeded in estranging her from Wilton. But she inferred success from Wilton's bearing. He had not looked like a successful lover.

Bitterly she reflected on her marriage with Joe. She had never loved Joe, but neither had she hated him. She had accepted him as an alternative to drudgery, and had been happy, because she had never loved—until Wilton awakened her. It was this unconscious sensing of Kitty's feelings toward him that had been at the bottom of Wilton's slight dislike of her.

She had loved Wilton, and, bound by tradition and social circumstances, she had concealed it. Then Joe had died. Everything had seemed possible. And Wilton had engaged himself to another—to her best friend. Kitty was not a bad woman, but she meant to fight for her own. From the moment when Wilton repulsed her the second time she had no conscience in the matter. She would win him, cost what it might.

When, therefore, late on the day after he had called on her, the maid announced Tom Bowyer, who had never been in her house before, she sent down word that she would receive him.

She had known Bowyer slightly. Joe and he had preserved a decent courtesy, as befitted business rivals. If Joe would never have had Bowyer in his house, it was because of his reputation, not because of their feud. Bowyer was not received in any decent home.

Neither Wilton nor Bowyer was aware that the other was in Clayton when Bowyer called, nor did they meet.

Kitty came downstairs, to find Bowyer standing in the parlor, twirling his hat in his hands. There was a singularly vulpine look on the red face. For an instance Kitty shuddered inwardly. Her passion for Wilton was taking her into unrelished companionships.

She asked him to sit down. "I'm pleased to see you, Mr. Bowyer," she said. "It was very good of you to call."

Bowyer uttered a short laugh. "I'm not a calling man, Mrs. Bostock," he said, "and the ladies don't like me. They know too much about me."

"That's very poor taste on their part," said Kitty.

"That's as may be. I came here on business."

"I'm glad to see you on business, then," said Kitty.

Bowyer looked at her in admiration. "I see we understand each other," he said. "That's what I like. You ought to have been a man. Not but what you'd have been spoiled if you had been," he added with a clumsy effort at a compliment.

Kitty laughed outright. "Now I know you have come to get something," she said.

"Not exactly. We've fixed things so that you'll be able to pull out about Christmas with your full investment. But suppose Carruthers makes trouble? Remember, you've done what you did for his sake as well as your own. You want to help him go into a more remunerative investment. You know that little affair of his is off?"

She started violently, and Bowyer did not need to await her answer. And Kitty could not find words with which to answer. She sat facing him, breathing quickly, her face quite white.

"That's what I came to tell you," said Bowyer. "So I know we can count on you to smooth things over if Carruthers begins to wonder. You're stanch, then?"

"You can count on me, Mr. Bowyer," answered Kitty, loathing herself and him. "But how about yourself? I understand from you that you were going slow. I hope you're not going too slow?"

"I'm going to speed things up soon," he answered, frowning. "What's happened helps things along. I don't know what the trouble was. I thought at first it was one of those lovers' quarrels. But it's lasted." His face grew red. "I went there," he said thickly. "She wouldn't have anything to say to me. Ordered me off the place."

"But you were going to marry her this Fall," said Kitty caustically.

Bowyer leaned forward confidentially. "See here, Mrs. Bostock," he said. "If I get her out of the way—if I guarantee that Will Carruthers and she won't meet again, how'll that suit you?"

"You've changed your mind about marrying?"

"Maybe yes. Maybe no. I'm not a marrying man. Nobody is. It's generally an accident—or a trap. But I can promise you there'll be no trouble from that quarter. Also, that she'll be out of the district before Winter."

"That won't do," said Kitty with sudden fierceness. "She may come back."

"She won't. And if she did, and went down on her knees to him, he wouldn't look at her."

"What do you mean?" asked Kitty breathlessly.

Bowyer leaned forward again and whispered in her ear. Kitty was as pale as death. "How'll that do for you?" he asked triumphantly.

Kitty rose, trembling. "I'll stick to my word," she said. "But you're the lowest cur I've ever known. Tom Bowyer, and I hope—I hope somebody flays you—flays the skin off you before you're run your course."

"I'll take my chance of that," grinned Bowyer, as he rose.

Kitty sank back in her chair, her hands over her face. Of a sudden the abysmal depths of sin had opened beneath her. She was tempted to run after him and call him back. But she could not stir. It was some time before she forced herself to rise. She went to the window. She guessed that Bowyer was gong to the bank. He would return that way, and she could call him in and tell him that she had changed her mind.

Suddenly she started back behind the curtains. Wilton was passing on the other side of the road. He held his head high, yet he walked like a man who was broken.

Kitty watched him go by. Her heart was full of pity for him, for his quixotic dreams, his foolish faithfulness to Joe. The picture that Bowyer had limned of Molly faded from her mind under the brighter glow that came into it.

Like Wilton, Bowyer had business to transact with Phayre. He went to the bank; it was after hours, but he knew Phayre would be there, awaiting him. He went straight to the office. Phayre closed the door behind him, and they pulled their chairs up together.

"Carruthers is in town," said the bank president.

"He is, eh?" asked Bowyer, darting a keen glance at him. "When did he get in?"

"Day before yesterday. He was subpoenaed on that case."

"That's so, of course," said Bowyer. "What did they get?"

"Six months apiece."

"No new light on the murder of our friend?"

"Nothing. Quain didn't go into that phase of the affair at all. He'd questioned them, and couldn't prove anything. The jury believed that was why the men ran away, that it had been an accident."

Bowyer fell into a brown study for a few moments.

"Carruthers been here yet?" he inquired presently.

"Not yet. He's trying to raise a cool half-million in town. I guess he's been to the last likely place by now. So he'll be here tomorrow to renew the loan."

"You'll renew, of course," said Bowyer. "Excellent wheat lands! Fine investment for your bank, the Missatibi! By the way, you hit it strong with that cartoon!"

They both laughed, first at the cartoon, then at Bowyer's raillery.

"No more trouble with Clark?" asked Bowyer.

"Not at present. I guess that extra two hundred squared him. He's a dangerous customer to handle, though. And absolutely indispensable for a job like we had to handle. A first-class man at his trade, cool as a cucumber and looking like a gentleman. You'll find it hard to beat that combination. He could have had more than the two hundred he held me up for."

"He's certainly worth it," admitted Bowyer. "What'll you do with him next year?"

"Why, he seems to like the work here," answered Phayre, laughing. "I'll keep him on, under my eye—at a reduced salary."

They both chuckled over that, but Bowyer grew serious quickly. "Well, I've fixed Kitty Bostock," he said. "Lord, it's a cinch handling that type of woman. Once they fancy some particular man, they'll go through hell to get him."

Bowyer had the rudiments of philosophy in him; it often struck him as queer in his handling of human nature, how various were men's motives, how many the strings of that strange instrument, the human heart, on which he had to play. But Phayre, who possessed no moralizing streak in him, cut him short sharply.

"You've told her you'll buy her shares at par," he said. "You haven't committed yourself irrevocably to that?"

Bowyer threw his head back and emitted one of his short laughs. "Well, I may change my mind," he said. "It isn't in writing."

"Suppose she raises Cain?"

"She can't. She's in too deep. She doesn't know how deep."

Phayre laughed again, but nervously. "I never cared much for this business, Bowyer," he said. "If Joe Bostock hadn't died as he did I'd never have got mixed up with it. But that gave us our chance. It was a very lucky accident. If we weren't committed beyond recovery, I'd pull out even now."

"Pull out?" echoed the other. "How the devil can we pull out? The trick's done."

"You've—"

"I've fixed it about that safe. We had a devil of a job the first time we tried. He's got a deaf-mute there that seems to have eyes like a cat, and sleeps with them open. Carruthers caught Lee Chambers at the window and smashed his nose. And, of course, Chambers' usefulness at the camp is ended. However, I've fixed it now, and a day or two will see us with what we want, and Carruthers with what he doesn't want."

"I wish you luck," said Phayre.

"Wish yourself luck, too. The whole plan's perfect, Phayre, so you can get out that old kit bag and stow your troubles away in it."

"I suppose there's no doubt those half-breeds did kill Joe Bostock," suggested Phayre, darting a keen look at the other.

"I suppose not," answered Bowyer. "Anyway, it's no business of ours how it happened. Quain put everybody through the mill, including me."

"And me," said Phayre.

"That shows he's at his wits' end. If a new clue comes to hand he'll jump at it, for the sake of his reputation. By the way, Quain's the man I came in to see you about. You've had a talk with him?"

"I saw him yesterday."

"How did he take it?"

"Fine!" said Phayre, rubbing his hands. "Hook, bait and sinker. I could see the flash of illumination come into his eye as the seed began to sprout. Of course, he was quite non-commital outwardly."

"You didn't suggest—?"

"No; I'm not quite such a fool as that, Bowyer. I spoke to him about Joe Bostock's investments, and the missing half-million that he had drawn out a day or two before his murder. And I left Quain to draw his own inferences. Don't worry! He'll draw them!"

"Capital!" said Bowyer. "You're a good partner, Phayre, and in a few days our patience will be rewarded."

They went out of the office together, and, when Phayre had opened the door, Bowyer went quickly down the dark side of the street toward the station. Phayre stood looking after him.

"I'd give a good deal to know just how much you know about Joe Bostock's death," he soliloquized.

CHAPTER XX
The Conflagration.

"I'm going back to work for you, Mr. Phayre," Wilton had said when he left the office. And he had meant it. Without any further hope of keeping the line for Kitty, he resolved, for the work's sake, that the day when the control passed into Bowyer's hands should see the grade across Big Muskeg.

He found the camp in much the same condition as when he had left it. Andersen reported that the men were still getting liquor, and were slacking. Wilton, whose mind had no room for rival propositions at the same time, dismissed the subject. That would be settled next; for the present he wanted a long sleep in which to shake off his depression, and with which to nerve himself for his task.

He went straight to bed. But he was aroused by Andersen a little after midnight.

"There's a big blaze a couple of miles north of us," said the foreman. "Sprung up like lightning. And a gale's sweeping up the swamp. The men won't turn out to backfire. They say it's Saturday night—and most of them are drunk."

Wilton put on his clothes quickly, placed Jules in charge of the shack and hurried to the bunkhouses. Already the air was thick with haze. There had been no rain for two weeks, and a succession of heavy frosts had killed the ferns and undergrowth, leaving them as dry as tinder. It was dangerous weather.

The workmen obeyed Wilton's summons with slow sulleness. They were stupid with drink, and it was clear that they had no intention of being robbed of their traditional Sunday morning sleep. They showed an ugly disposition toward him. Some jeered; some refused to turn out at all.

But some of the engineers and foremen were already hurrying to the scene. Wilton collected these and started with them in the direction of the conflagration.

This was soon seen to be serious. Under the high wind the fire was speeding down at a terrific rate toward the camp, filling the air with dense clouds of smoke. The camp, having cleared ways on three sides, had not been fire-guarded. These should have been wide enough to protect it under ordinary circumstances, and the work that was being pushed had left no time for anything else. But from the swift rate at which the fire was seen to be advancing it was dubious whether the cleared ways would hold it.

Back-firing was impossible, for the wind came up the cleared road from the muskeg with hurricane force. Wilton posted his men along the near side of the way, to beat out the patches of flame that would spring up from the burning brands carried over it by the wind.

The fire was fiercest along the muskeg edge, where, fanned by the full force of the gale, it was sweeping down upon the camp. Wilton took up his station here, with a half-dozen of his assistants, armed with branches.

They had not long to wait, for the conflagration came roaring down on them before many minutes had passed. It seemed to gather force as it advanced. The smoke embers of boughs, that sailed high overhead and dropped into the branches of the trees behind them. They could see one another only dimly in the swirling fog.

The line of fire shot through the crackling ferns and undergrowth before them, and reached the edge of the cleared way. Tongues of flame leaped up at them in furious derision, patches of grass began to smoulder along the track. The men worked madly. For a few moments the clearing seemed to have stayed the progress of the devouring element.

Then the workers found themselves surrounded with a ring of flame. The trees and grass were alight behind them. And along the muskeg edge the conflagration had thrust out gripping tentacles of flame that edged round and in toward the engine sheds.

Shouting to those nearest him to follow, Wilton ran down toward the swamp. But when the grade came into sight he saw something that caught his cry and killed it on his lips. Of a sudden his veins seemed to run ice for blood. The fire had caught the trestling and was running along the timbers, eating its way toward the east bank. The trestle was a fiery thread across the black level of the muskeg.

But what made him catch his breath and clench his fists was this: the fire was moving eastward, and yet it could not have started on the west bank, for here the trestling was completely hidden under the foundation, over which the flame could not pass. The fire had started in the middle of the muskeg, and had been started there of design.

It was the end of everything. Big Muskeg would remain unspanned after all, when Bowyer assumed control.

Wilton ran back. The smoke was whirling all along the cleared way, and there was a wall of fire on either side of it. He plunged through in the direction of the camp. He saw figures of the fire-fighters, battling in a score of places as fire after fire leaped up, apparently out of cleared ground, and roared skyward.

He caught two men as they reeled past him. "The horses!" he shouted.

They ran toward the stables. Brands had set the timbers ablaze in several places. Inside the horses whinnied and shrieked, plunging and struggling in their stalls.

To Be Continued.

FASHIONS BY MARTHA HOLDEN

WHAT if the clouds do blow up a shower on a Summer day? The young ladies knew when they planned these dresses that weather was a fickle thing. For that very reason they made simple washable material into charming frocks by using discretion in the choice of styles.

In a few minutes this little party is going to find a cozy place under the spreading branches of a tree, and not a thought to their dresses will they give for they are so simply made that "doing them up" is of little consequence.

The woman of heavy build as well as the slender one will no doubt appreciate a frock like this to wear mornings in which she can be both neatly and comfortably dressed. It is very easy to put on because it buttons right down to the hem. This feature also lightens the task of laundering for it can be opened flat to iron. The pattern No. 1417 cuts in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch material with ⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting.

The most fastidious young person would be pleased with a sleeveless frock like this if it were made of Japanese crepe with a guimpe of dotted Swiss or lawn. The pattern for the girls' dress No. 1446 cuts in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yards 36-inch material for dress and 1⅛ yards 36-inch material for guimpe.

Transfer Pattern No. 616—in blue only.

The jumper dress still reigns supreme among sport models. Everyone will agree that never before has there been a style creation so practical for sports and everyday wear. The one illustrated in No. 1443 would look especially well in plaid tweed or gingham with a guimpe of batiste. The pattern for the jumper and guimpe cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards 32-inch material with 1½ yards 36-inch contrasting and 3 yards ruffling.

With gingham frocks in the lead for Summer wear, it is most advisable to have at least one of these cool-looking affairs in your wardrobe. A simple but exceedingly smart one that is easy to make is shown in Illustration No. 1458. The pattern for the style cuts in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch material with ¾ yard 36-inch contrasting.

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of the above designs at the rate of 15 cents for each pattern. These patterns are stylish and perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give number, size, age, etc.

MARTHA HOLDEN BOOKS OF FASHIONS issued quarterly, 10c a copy. Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

MUTT AND JEFF— The Street Is No Place for a Sardine Can — By "BUD" FISHER

THIS STREET CLEANING JOB AIN'T THE CLASSIEST IN THE WORLD BUT I NEED SOME CHANGE FOR MY ROOM RENT.
I'LL LEAVE MY CAR THERE A MINUTE WHILE I CALL UP MISS SCHULTZ ON SIR SIDNEY'S PHONE!
FINE! SHE SAID SHE'D BE DELIGHTED TO TAKE A SPIN WITH ME RIGHT AWAY!
IT'S TERRIBLE THE WAY PEOPLE LEAVE RUBBISH ON THE STREETS!
Fisher
315

FARMERS MAY HAVE SUPPLY OF EXPLOSIVES

Government Ready With Free Distribution of Acid for Farm Work and Land Clearing.

The attention of farmers in all sections of the country to the free distribution of excess war explosives for farm work is called by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Since last Fall the department, in co-operation with the various state agricultural colleges, has distributed 3,000,000 pounds of picric acid, a surplus explosive which is very efficient, easy and safe to handle.

"We feel that picric acid has been a great benefit to the state and has done a great deal to stimulate land clearing. All reports are to the effect that its use has been highly satisfactory. The 774,000 pounds allotted to Minnesota were distributed to 3,511 farmers, averaging 222 pounds per farmer. We estimate that this will clear 35,000 acres of land, and has made a saving of over $70,000 for the farmers of the state."

The economy of this explosive is emphasized by the department in a recent circular showing that last year's distribution saved the farmers about $300,000 over the cost of other explosives. There are now available some 6,000,000 pounds of picric acid, and of this amount about 1,500,000 are available to farmers of the Lake states, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota.

Picric acid is a high explosive which was used in large quantities during the war and is now being distributed to farmers for agricultural purposes, says the department. No charge is made by the government for the explosive itself, but it has to be dried out and carefully packed before it can be used for careful users the cost of this work must be paid by the farmer.

Picric acid is a comparatively safe explosive and is used in the same way that other agricultural explosives are used. It has several advantages over commercial explosives in that it keeps indefinitely without deteriorating, it is not affected by heat or cold, and it does not cause headaches or other ill effects when used in the open air. Because of its greater cost of manufacture, it will never be a competitor of commercial dynamites. It is being distributed for the purpose of increasing interest and activity in land clearing. The details of the method of distribution may be secured from the various state agricultural colleges.

MOVIE BAD MAN IS CHIVALROUS

Chart "Never Harmed Woman;" His Wife Is Seeking Large Settlement.

Chivalry is part of his daily life, says William S. Hart, two-gun man of the movie world, in commenting on the separation from his former wife, Miss Winifred Westover.

Hart insisted he has always practiced in private life the chivalrous part he plays for the silver sheet. Never has he harmed woman, he said. Never could he do so.

Intimations are being made that Mrs. Hart will make an effort to obtain a settlement in excess of $125,000 which Charlie Chaplin is reported to have given his wife, Mildred Harris, when she got her divorce.

Mrs. Hart is considerably older than is Bill. While her tastes are said to have leaned toward the night spots, his are said to have leaned toward the comforts of a fireside.

In a formal statement Hart denied there had been any differences between Mrs. Hart and his sister. He also said there was no truth in the report that Will Hays had endeavored to act as intermediary.

2 Dead, One Dying in Church Battle

Two men are dead and another believed to be dying in a hospital at Somerset, Ky., as the result of a gun fight at the close of religious service at Mount Victory.

The dead are Abe Nolen, lay pastor of the Mount Victory church, and Ester Dykes, farmer. Ellis Richardson, farmer, was wounded.

Officers were told Dykes and Richardson went to church with the avowed intention of breaking up the meeting but were unsuccessful. One member of the congregation, fearing trouble, obtained a shotgun and gave it to the pastor. On the way home, Nolen met the two men, who are alleged to have fired on him. Nolen returned the fire. The pastor was active against moonshiners.

ASPIRIN

Say "Bayer" and Insist!

BAYER

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over twenty-two years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache
Toothache	Lumbago
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Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

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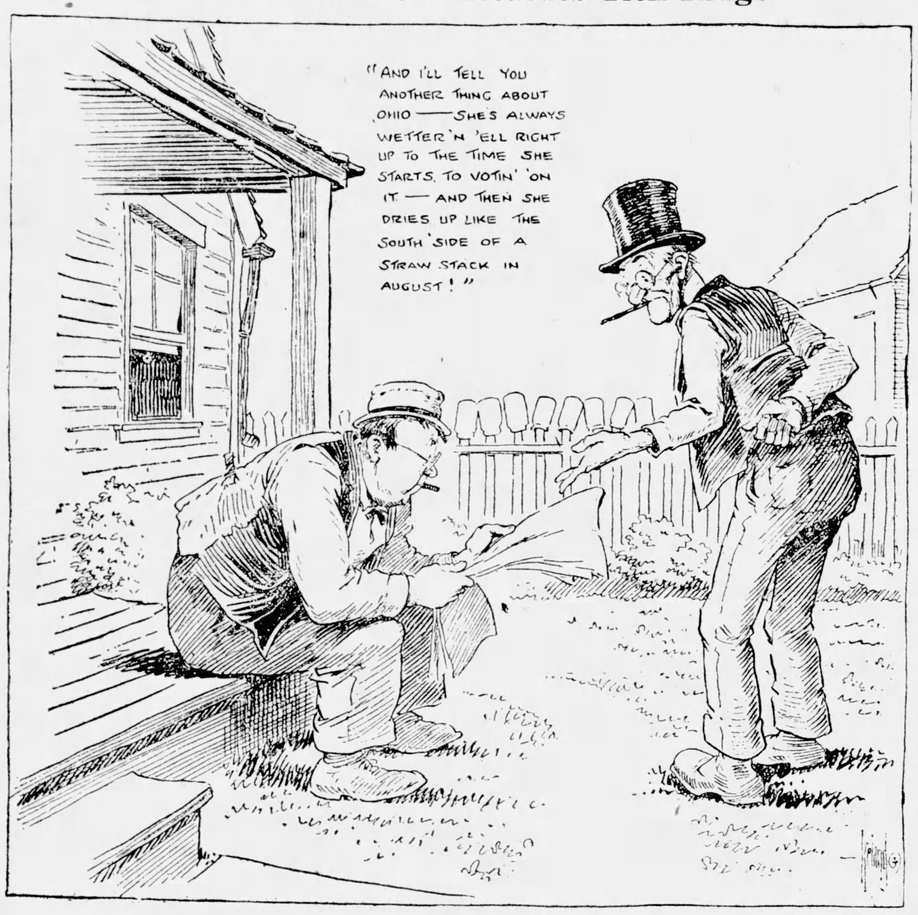
The Election News Reaches Tick Ridge


"AND I'LL TELL YOU ANOTHER THING ABOUT OHIO — SHE'S ALWAYS WETTER'N 'ELL RIGHT UP TO THE TIME SHE STARTS TO VOTIN' 'ON IT — AND THEN SHE DRIES UP LIKE THE SOUTH SIDE OF A STRAW STACK IN AUGUST!"

—Ireland in Columbus Dispatch.

FOUR-STATE SHORT CUTS

MICHIGAN

KALAMAZOO—Kalamazoo is going to make another experiment to see whether it can trust itself. Following numerous complaints about the lack of soap in the city comfort station, the city commission appropriated $200 for a new supply. The practice of providing soap had been discontinued because supplies were stolen almost as soon as the janitor placed them in the building.

SAULT STE. MARIE—Mrs. Ruth Knudson, nurse, formerly employed by a physician in Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., and her brother, Clifford Harrison, have confessed to removing the body of Mrs. C. E. Fairchild, in October, 1919, from the Drummond Island graveyard, according to Thomas H. Greee, acting prosecuting attorney of Chippewa county. The motive for robbing the grave, Mr. Green states, was to sell the vital organs to an unnamed physician, and to take the body to Canada, where it was to be placed in the house, the house to be burned for $400 insurance.

LANSING—The strikes of railroad shopmen and coal miners has resulted in orders from the state highway department curtailing work on highways in Michigan.

OWOSSO—The Chamber of Commerce and the Shiawassee Breeders' association are sponsoring a county-wide picnic, to be held at McCurdy park, Aug. 17,

IRON MOUNTAIN—World War veterans have been paid $133,345 compensation for their services in the war. There were 775 in the army. Houghton county leads the Upper Peninsula counties with 1,898 who served in the war.

PETOSKEY — The old Petoskey Beer Garden was closed when officers raided the place, seizing Canadian whisky and moonshine. Thomas Tolifson, proprietor, was held to circuit court for trial on the charge of selling liquor.

HILLSDALE — The opening attendance in Hillsdale college is expected to be as large as the opening attendance last year of 475, which was a gian of 100 over 1920.

LANSING—A requisition on the governor of Georgia has been issued by Governor Alex J. Groesbeck for M. G. Connor, under arrest at Atlanta and wanted in Battle Creek, where he is charged with stealing about $90,000 in alleged worthless oil stock, 18 months ago.

IRON MOUNTAIN — Arnold Meath, 13 years old, lost his life by drowning in Menominee river when water wings he was using, which were constructed out of two tin cans fastened together with a short strap, got away from him. He sank in 10 feet of water as his mother and young sister looked on helpless to aid him.

HILLSDALE — Casper Sherk, 85 years old, of Litchfield, does not believe in "rusting out," he says. This week he lathed four rooms in a new house he is building.

PENNSYLVANIA

PHILADELPHIA—Creation of a committee of seven from among the directors of the Sesqui-Centennial Exhibition association to address personal letters to Philadelphia citizens for their views on the 1926 world's fair project, probably will be undertaken by the fair board in the next few weeks, announcement has been made. Answers to the letters would indicate the attitude of the public toward expending vast sums of money to establish the exposition.

ERIE—According to advices received from a delegation of Erie citizens in Washington a plant, used during the World war for the manufacture of war material, will be placed on the market soon so that it may be turned into a going industry.

HARRISBURG—More than $200,000 has been received by the state automobile division offices from half-yearly automobile and truck licenses, which became effective August 1. This is the largest season ever known for such licenses, and approximately 40,000 applications in proper form were received. 3,200 being returned for correction.

PHILADELPHIA — James Toner has been asked to face charges of cruelty to animals and intoxication on the strength of having bit off a substantial piece of a cat's tail, according to police and officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Toner, they say, found the cat at Church street and Frankford avenue, and telephone operators who saw the amputation immediately put in a call for police. The cat was put to death.

NEWCASTLE — The soft drinks being offered for sale in Pennsylvania this Summer are far and away superior to anything that has been offered in previous years, according to the bureau of foods of the Pennsylvania department of agriculture.

HARRISBURG—The state bureau of animal industry has started a study of the parasites which afflict Pennsylvania poultry. A number have been identified and have been segregated for scientific study. Some of them are of types which are developing marked disease carrying tendencies.

ERIE—One man was electrocuted, four houses were set afire, lighting companies suffered heavy damage and crops on farms in the vicinity of Erie were destroyed when a severe electrical storm accompanied by rain, hail and high winds, passed over the city.

OHIO

COLUMBUS—On the basis of the present outlook for the corn crop the production for the state will probably be from 150,000,000 to 155,000,000 bushels, which is about the same as a year ago, indicating a crop around 3,000,000,000 bushels.

BUCYRUS—The decomposed body of a negro was found under a culvert of the Pennsylvania railroad, six miles east of here. His skull was fractured but no marks of identification could be found.

VAN WERT—Deputy Sheriff Ed E. Terry, candidate for the nomination for sheriff was seriously wounded when shot by Clarence Bowers, 21, whom he was taking to the county jail.

COLUMBUS—Endeavoring to see a boxing match without paying admission cost, Harvey Hodgson, 28, of Dayton, lost his life when he climbed an electric light pole, his body coming in contact with a high tension cable.

CINCINNATI—Harry K. Shockley, 62, manager of the Cincinnati Automobile association, died at his home here following a nervous breakdown.

COLUMBUS—Two initiated petitions bearing 250,000 signatures each proposing a debt limitation amendment and a tax limitation, to be submitted to the voters at the November election, have been filed with the secretary of state.

CINCINNATI—Donald Blake, 43, dishwasher in an Elm street restaurant, left Cincinnati on borrowed funds for Anderson, Ind., where a $75,000 legacy awaits him. A telegram informing him of an uncle's death and the inheritance seemed to make little impression on Blake when it arrived.

COLUMBUS—Governor Davis has appointed George H. Clark, Canton, as judge of the supreme court, succeeding James G. Johnson, Springfield, who resigned to enter the Democratic primary race for governor.

SANDUSKY — Damages, which according to estimates, will run close to half a million dollars, was done by an unusually severe hailstorm that swept this city and vicinity, August 7. The grape crop is believed to have been ruined while other fruit crops and corn were hard hit. Hailstones fell as large as walnuts. They came down steadily for 12 minutes.

TOLEDO—The Nasby, one of the first sky-scraper buildings erected east of New York, has been sold to a banking firm. The Nasby got its name from Petroleum V. Nasby, who will be remembered by old-time Weekly Blade readers.

INDIANA

MUNCIE—Running to the track to save her brother, Harold, aged 4, who had broken away from her, Lillian Ewing, 6, stumbled and fell in the path of an approaching locomotive. She was killed. The boy escaped injury.

INDIANAPOLIS—Indiana's 1922 corn crop will produce approximately 4,500,000 bushels more than the 1921 crop, says the crop estimate given in the monthly crop report of George C. Bryant, statistician for the co-operative crop reporting service for Indiana. The estimated production of wheat, oats, rye and barley show slight decrease over the estimate of last month, but the estimate on the corn crop increased approximately 3,500,000 bushels, the report said.

MARION — Signs bearing the words "Go Slow and See Our City and Go Fast and See Our Jail" are to be placed at the various street intersections of Gas City at once. This is the result of the city council declaring war on automobile speeders.

ALEXANDRIA — Passengers on an east-bound train on the Lake Erie & Western railroad were delayed when the locomotive was stopped between Alexandria and Elwood and the engineer telephoned to the Alexandria station that the water in the boiler was foaming. The engineer requested that Robert Franks, local agent, buy a 10-cent bottle of castor oil and have it on hand when the train arrived. After the oil had been emptied in the boiler the foaming ceased and the train proceeded to Muncie.

ENGLISH — Ed. Jackson of Indianapolis, secretary of state, was the speaker at the soldiers' reunion and homecoming. He made a patriotic address, calling attention to the fact that 20 veterans of the Civil war were at that time attending the reunion.

NOBLESVILLE — The commissioners of Hamilton county have taken steps to stop the payment of what they regard as excessive fees to attorneys who prepare and file petitions for the improvements of roads. Recently the board refused to pay two claims of $500 each for services given by lawyers on two different roads and later both cases were compromised for $300 each.

WABASH — Four students have finished the Summer term at Manchester college at North Manchester. Many of them will take up teaching in the Fall. Of the liberal arts graduates of this year who continued the Summer course a questionnaire shows that 31 will be employed as high school teachers in the Fall, seven as college teachers, 11 as school superintendents or principals, three as pastors, one as foreign missionary, three as home missionaries and one as a newspaper editor. They will be employed chiefly in Indiana, Ohio and Michigan.

LAFAYETTE—Joseph B. Jackson, sheriff of Tippecanoe county, and W. A. Campbell, a deputy sheriff, made a visit to the Westpoint High school building, nine miles southwest of this city, where they found a moonshine whisky plant in one of the basement rooms.

HAMMOND — Clarence Ireland, former prosecuting attorney of White county, died in St. Margaret's hospital as a result of a fractured skull. His death was the third resulting from an accident recently when an automobile, containing four people traveling 60 miles an hour, as shown by the speedometer, crashed into a moving Monon railway train near Cedar lake.

Stranded Travelers Wire to President

Five hundred travelers stranded at Ogden, Utah, because of the strike of Southern Pacific firemen, sent the following telegram to President Harding last Friday night:

"Limited trains tied up account of strike causing much distress to travelers, women and children. Civilized people have established courts to adjust disputes among men and the time has come when similar tribunals with ample power to enforce their mandates must be promptly established to adjust industrial controversies among men. Strike means just what the word implies, force and violence, and the strikes must be prevented by law. We trust you will use prompt and vigorous means to protect the public welfare, oblige railroads to run and compel all organizations of capital and labor to adjust controversies in court."

Who Owns the Bees?

J. C. Mason of England, claims ownership of a swarm of bees he captured in his mail box. The government declares they be ong to the postmaster general.

Life Prisoner Is Innocent

Benjamin Reynier, sentenced at Toulon, France, to life imprisonment in 1892 for murder, has been proved innocent.

The Latest Markets

Faith in the improvement of basic conditions throughout the country in spite of the cumulative menace of the two big strikes, was sufficient during last week to maintain all security values near the high mark of the present movement.

Whatever headway has been made toward settlement of the coal strike seems to have been nullified by the more serious aspect of the railroads' controversy with their shopmen. Even to hazard a guess as to the outcome of these overshadowing problems is idle, and Wall street seems to have disregarded them altogether, as far as stock dealings are concerned, and is watching the brighter side of the picture.

It now seems a certainty that at the conclusion of the labor troubles, the railways of the country will be confronted with the most stupendous business in their history. This is the reason for the strength in railroad stocks and bonds, many of the latter reaching record high prices. Predictions are freely offered that railroad shares will soon be the leaders in stock market speculation, as they were a decade or more ago.

Coal must move in record volume when mining is resumed, and crops, as shown by the recent government report, are of tremendous bulk. Moreover the present car loadings show ordinary commercial business steadily increasing, with certainty that it will expand even more rapidly when labor conditions again become stable. Even though the carriers have bought a goodly amount of equipment and rails during the early Summer, there may be a serious car shortage before the snow flies.

Although prices for farm products are not high, prosperity is returning to the rural districts. Reports of increased sales by the mail order houses and by farm equipment concerns, two most reliable barometers, furnish unquestioned evidence to this effect. Western railroads must benefit by the increase in all classes of commerce stimulated by this condition.

Ease in money continues. The statement of the Federal Reserve bank showing ratio of gold reserve to liabilities the highest in the history of the institution, reached the street Friday.

The European situation has attracted little attention, save that random predictions of the breaking up of the conference may be the reason for francs and marks dragging near the lowest of the year. There have been 13 conferences since the armistice, and it is expecting too much of humanity to look for the world at large to become excited over them from now on.

Meantime Germany is giving us a remarkable exhibition of currency inflation. Another huge increase of more than eight million marks featured the weekly statement of the so-called "Imperial" bank Friday.

Grain

Wheat, cash, $1.10½; Sept., $1.08; Dec., $1.10. Corn, cash, 69c. Oats, cash, 36½c. Barley, cash, 65c. Rye, No. 2, cash, 77c. Clover seed, cash, $10.25; Oct., $9.67; Dec., $9.75. Alsike, cash, $9.60; Oct., $9.60; Dec., $9.70. Timothy, cash, $2.70; Dec., $2.75.

Chicago—Wheat, Sept., $1.04½; Dec., $1.03¾. Corn, Sept., 58½c; Dec., 52½c. Oats, Sept., 30⅜c; Dec., 33c. Barley, Sept., 54¼c; Dec., 53½c. Rye, Sept., 72c; Dec., 72⅝c.

Produce

Toledo—Butter—Fancy creamery, 1-lb. prints, 39@40c; solid pack, 42c; nut margarine, 25@25½c.

Cheese—Fancy brick, 21@22c; Michigan, 1-lb. 23c; brick, 23@24c; longhorn, 25@25½c.

Eggs—Candled, 26c; selects, 30c.

Bacon—Fat, 23½c; lean, 33½c; wide, 6 to 8 lbs., 29c; 9 to 10 lbs., 28c; 11 to 12 lbs., 25c; 13 to 15 lbs., 23c. Lard—12c. Hams, 30c. Sausage—Fresh pork, 15c; luncheon, 20c.

Live Poultry — Ducks, 20@22c; geese, 14@15c; turkeys, 28@30c; hens, 23@25c; Leghorn broilers, 20@23c; broilers, 25@28c; old roosters and stags, 14@15c.

Hides—No. 1, 10c; No. 2, 9c; bull, 6c; green calf, No. 1, 17c; No. 2, 15½c; kip, 13c; No. 2 kip, 11½c; cured hides, No. 1, 11c; No. 2, 10c; horse hides, $2.50.

Cleveland—Butter, extras in tubs, 39@39½c; prints, 40@40½c; extra firsts, 38@38½c; firsts, 37@37½c; seconds, 32@32½c; packing stock, 23@25c. Eggs—Fresh gathered northern extras, 28c; extra firsts, 27c; Ohio firsts, 22½c; western firsts, new cases, 20c. Oleomargarine—Pound prints, nut oleo, high grade, made of animal fat, 23@23½c; lower grade, 16@17c. Cheese—York state, 23½@24c; brick, 22@24c; fancy Swiss, 35@50c; northern, 26@27c; limburger, 28@29c. Poultry—Live, heavy fowls, 24c; thin, 18@20c; roosters, 15c; light broilers, 22@23c; heavy, 30@32c; leghorns, 23@25c; Spring ducks, 20@23c. Potatoes — East Shore Virginia Cobblers, new stock, $2.50 per bbl.; Jersey, $2.25 per 150 pounds; $1.00@1.25 per two dozen baskets. Sweet Potatoes—$1.30 a hamper.

Chicago—Butter higher; creamery, extras, 33c; firsts, 28½@30c; seconds, 27@27½c; standards, 33@34c. Eggs, higher; recipts, 13,036 cases; firsts, 20½@21½c; ordinary firsts, 19@19½c; miscellaneous, 20@20½c; storage packed, firsts, 22½@23c. Potatoes steady on New Jersey, weaker on other stocks; receipts 92 cars; total U. S. shipments, 757; New Jersey sacked Cobblers, $1.60@1.70 cwt.; East Shore Virginia barrel Cobblers, No. 1, $2.00@2.65; Minnesota sacked Early Ohios, $1.00@1.10 cwt.; Nebraska sacked Early Ohios, 90c@$1.05 cwt.

New York—Butter, firm; receipts, 13,674. Eggs, firm; recipes, 2,571. Live poultry steady; fowls, 22@26c. Dressed poultry, weak; western checkens, 31@38c.

Live Stock

Cleveland—Hogs—Receipts, 5,000; heavies, $9.25; yorkers, $10.50; pigs, $10.50. Cattle, $9.50. Calves, $11.50@12.50. Spring lambs, $12.00@13.00.

Pittsburgh—Cattle—Receipts, 1,600; higher; steers, $9.50@10.50; heifers, $9.27@9.75; cows, $5.00@6.00. Hogs—Receipts, 5,500; higher; heavies, $9.25@9.60; heavy Yorkers, $10.75@10.85; light Yorkers and pigs, $10.65@10.75. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 5,000; steady; top sheep, $7.25; top lambs, $13.00. Calves — Receipts, 1,200; steady; top, $11.50.

East Buffalo—Cattle — Receipts, 2,900; generally 15@25c higher; shipping steers, $9.00@10.10; butchers, $8.00@9.00; yearlings, $9.50@10.50; heifers, $6.00@8.25; cows, $2.75@6.50; bulls, $3.75@5.75; stockers and feeders, $5.50@6.50; fresh cows and Springers, $40.00@110.00. Calves — Receipts, 1,200; $5.00@13.00. Hogs—Receipts, 10,500; generally steady; heavy, $9.00@9.75; mixed, $10.00@10.50; Yorkers, light Yorkers and pigs, $10.75; roughs, $7.50; stags, $4.00@5.00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 400; lambs, 25c higher; lambs, $5.00@12.75; yearlings, $5.00@10.00; wethers, $7.50@8.25; ewes, $2.00@7.00; mixed sheep, $7.00@7.50.

East St. Louis, Ill.—(U. S. Bureau of Agricultural Economics)—Cattle—Receipts, 1,500; compared with week ago: Good choice steers, 25c lower; medium grades and grassers, 50@65c lower; light yearlings, beef cows and bulls, 50@75c lower; canners, 25@50c lower; light veal calves, steady; stocker steers, 25c lower; top for week: Steers, $10.40; mixed yearlings, $10.00; bulks for week: Fed steers, $8.50@9.00; grassers, $4.75@7.00; canners, $2.25@2.50; bulls, $3.50@4.50; stocker steers, $5.00@6.50. Hogs — Receipts, 4,000; mostly 10@15c lower; light lights, 15@25c lower; top, $10.10 for choice lights; bulk 130 to 200-pound averages, $9.75@10.00; bulk 250 to 260 pounders, $9.00@9.60; packer sows, mostly $7.00; bulk pigs, $9.75@10.00. Sheep—Receipts, 600; steady; bulk fat lambs, $11.00@11.50; culls mostly $6.00; light ewes, $6.00; heavies, $3.00@3.50; canners and choppers, 50c@$2.50.

Chicago—(U. S. Bureau of Agricultural Economics) — Cattle—Receipts, 1,000; compared week ago beef steers 10c to 35c lower; better grades declining least; she stock uneven, steady to 50c lower; low grade beef cows, canners and cutters off most; best Kosher cows about steady; bulls mostly 25c lower; veal calves largely 75c higher; stockers and feeders steady to strong; week's top beef steers, $10.75; week's bulk prices beef steers, $8.75@10.25; butcher she stock, $5.10@7.25; canners and cutters, $2.75@3.75; bologna bulls, $3.85@4.15; veal calves, $10.25@10.75; stockers and feeders, $5.65@6.65. Hogs—Receipts 5,000; generally steady; closing dull; top, $10.25; bulk of 180 to 220-pound weight, $10.00@10.15; 225 to 250-pound butchers, $9.25@9.60; 290 to 300-pound butchers, mostly $9.00; bulk of packing sows, $7.25@8.00; desirable pigs, $9.75@10.00; hold over moderate heavy, $8.25@9.50; packing sows, smooth, $7.35@8.25; packing sows, rough, $7.00@7.50; killing pigs, $9.25@10.15. Sheep—Receipts 2,000; market steady; compared with week ago fat lambs mostly 25c to 40c lower; natives declining most; strictly choice fat lambs comparately scarce; bulk of western in feeder flesh; week's extreme top on western, $12.65; natives, $12.50; week's bulk prices western lambs, $12.00@12.40; natives, $11.50@12.25; feeder lambs and fat sheep, steady; bulk of feeders, $12.25@12.40; fat ewes, 03.50@7.00; 82-pound fed western yearlings, $11.00; good feeding yearlings, $9.25@9.50.

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FARM WANTED—Send description and price. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

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Disabled Veteran Must Sell
100 Acres With 8 Acres Oats

2 acres wheat, 2¼ acres potatoes, 3½ acres corn, 12 acres buckwheat, 2 acres fruit and berries, ½ acre vegetables, 12 acres hay; horses, cow, heifer, poultry, full implements; near good town, 65 acres fields, spring-watered pasture, about 1,000 cords wood, 2-story 7-room house, pleasant outlook, good basement barn, garage, poultry house, insurance $2,000. To settle affairs $2,800 takes all, part cash. Traveling directions see Page 186, Big Bargain Catalog FREE. Strout Farm Agency, 150 S. Nassau St., New York City.

DEMOCRATS ASK DEFEAT OF REED

St. Louis Men Will Place Independent Candidate Against Him.

The executive committee of the Association of St. Louis Democrats has announced it would "bolt" United States Senator James A. Reed for re-election and support an independent candidate. A number of influential Democrats are members. Former Governor Dan V. Stephens is chairman of the committee. A resolution declaring Reed to be "a Republican" was adopted by the committee.

The Association of Missouri Women Opposed to James A. Reed made a similar announcement several days ago.

Breckenridge Long, third assistant secretary of state in Wilson's administration, whom Reed defeated for the Democratic nomination has announced he would have nothing to do with the "independent candidate" movement.

Despite agitation against Reed a number of Democrats in Missouri who fought him in the primary rallied to his support following his victory over Long and the Democratic city committee of St. Louis, which was divided on Reed and Long in the pre-primary campaign, has pledged its support to the senator.

PREACHER RULES THRESHING CREW

Pulpit Orator Finds Ways to Save Money and Speed Up Work.

A preacher who took hold of a threshing crew, managed it, kept books, acted as timekeeper and man of all work about the job has given farmers in Stanford, Pa., an example of system and co-operative effort in the usual haphazard business of threshing. He operated his crew at the low cost of 20 cents a minute.

The preacher-manager is Rev. N. B. Crabtree, who has a church southeast of Stanford. Under Rev. Mr. Crabtree's direction, a "ring" of farmers was organized to co-operate in threshing the grain of the neighborhood.

Under his management this year the ring saved three days' time by "watching the corners." One method by which he saved time was by dividing the crew into relays for dinner, one group going to dinner while the other group kept the machine going. In this way each man was given a full hour for dinner and the machine was not idle more than half an hour. The "boarding house scramble" for the first table also was eliminated since there was always room for each group at one sitting.

It also was Rev. Mr. Crabtree's job to keep an eye on the feeder to see that no grain was wasted. He cleaned up under the feeder whenever a job was finished, placed feed and hay handy for the horses, arranged with the women as to the exact time for dinner and, say the farmers concerned, made himself useful in many other ways besides as general manager.

WEEK IN SPORT

Rejuvenated under the leadership of Billy McKechnie, the Pittsburgh Pirates are showing considerable speed in the National league race for the pennant. They are in third place, after winning a spurt of 13 games, which is the season's record for games won in a row. John McGraw's million - dollar Giants are still first and the St. Louis Browns are second, or were at the beginning of the week; but the way the Pirates have been going, may disturb both the Browns and the Giants before the end of a fortnight.

Harry Payne Whitney, who is disposing of his stable of horses, has sold the famous colt, Whiskaway, who twice defeated the wonderful Mervich during the present season. The purchaser of Whiskaway is C. W. Clark, son of the late Senator Clark. The purchase price is not given out, but is said to be around $125,000.

There is a nice contest on for batting honors in the American league. At the end of last week Ty Cobb was leading with a percentage of .410 against the .409 of Sisler of the St. Louis Browns. Poor old Ty! Though in his 37th year, his eyesight is not failing. Roger Hornsby still tops the National league batters by a comfortable margin.

Jess Willard is really and earnestly training, and if he reaches what he considers fit physical condition nothing except a match with Jack Dempsey will satisfy him.

French critics have at last reluctantly accepted the belief that American fighters are superior to their own fistic exemplers.

The Grand American handicap shoot will be run off at Atlantic City week of Sept. 11. The tests of marksmanship will take place on the new Absecon boulevard facing a vast stretch of meadows, with the gunner looking directly at the sky. The traps will number 16.

One who is fond of digging stories out of the past tells about the cover being literally knocked off the ball in a big league game. Ed Delehanty, a well-known player of the past, did the trick. When he separated the cover and the ball with a mighty swat the cover was fielded to first base by the pitcher while the ball, unwinding yarn at every bound, was pounced upon by an outfielder. Everybody got tangled up before the play was adjusted.

At Minneapolis last Saturday Miss Helen Wainwright of New York city added another world's record to the long string she already possessed. In a 500-yard free style open swim for women in the national water championships she covered the distance in 7:09 2-5. The best previous record for the distance was 7:19 3-5.

Baseball in France is a growing game; in a decade it may be the national sport. After adults who tried it turned away with broken fingers and conviction that they were too old to learn, the game was introduced into the public schools in modified form and has already proven popular.

Tennis rapidly is becoming the major sport of Japan, according to Wallace Bates, captain of the University of California tennis team, who returned recently from the island empire, where he and his teammates played this Summer.

Selection of the personnel of the American rifle team which will attempt to retain the world's championship for the United States in the international matches to be held at Milan, Italy, Sept. 12-20, Major L. W. T. Waller, United States marine corps, will be captain of the team which will include: W. R. Stokes, civilian, Washington, present holder of the world's individual championship; Lieutenant Commander C. T. Osborn, United States navy, coach; Lawrence Muesslein, civilian, Washington; Major J. K. Bolles, United States army; Sergeant Maurice Fisher, United States marine corps; Lieutenant Commander A. B. Denny, United States navy, and either Captain Joseph H. Jackson, United States marine corps, or Marine Gunner C. A. Lloyd.

Babe Ruth, slugging Yankee outfielder, will be out of the game for several days, it was announced Saturday after it was learned that the home run king underwent an operation at a hospital for an abscess of the leg. The doctors declared that Ruth could not play for at least four days.

60-Day Fast Brings Death to Woman, 88

Death ended the fast of Mrs. Betty E. Coffey, 88, at her home near Mt. Vernon, Ky. Mrs. Coffey died without giving a reason for her refusal to eat.

NEGRO, 117, BOASTS HAVING 28 CHILDREN

Living in Leavenworth, Kan., are two negroes, both of whom contend they are the oldest of their sex and race in the state. Henry Harris now past the 117th birthday, voiced his claims on the part of the men, while Rena Chapman declared she wanted the public to know she was the women's representative for any age honors to be distributed in the state. She is 107 years old.

Harris also feels that he can qualify as a champion in other things. He boastfully told of being the father of 28 children.

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HEART DISEASE FATAL TO SINN FEIN FOUNDER

Griffith, Leader in Political Feud and Signer of Recent Anglo-Irish Peace Treaty, Dies Suddenly.

Arthur Griffith, founder of the Sinn Fein and one of the signers of the Anglo-Irish peace treaty, died of heart disease Saturday.

Griffith was one of the outstanding figures in the political feud which developed after the signing of the Anglo-Irish peace treaty. He and Michael Collins led the fight for the treaty, the constitution and the Free State. The chief leader on the side which was contending for a republic was Eamonn De Valera.

President of Dail.

Griffith was elected president of Dail Eireann and when the Irish provisional government was appointed he was named foreign secretary. Griffith had been elected to the British house on the Sinn Fein ticket but never took his seat.

When a young man Griffith went to South Africa. Returning to Dublin he founded and edited the "United Irishman," which was suppressed by the authorities, only to be succeeded by the newspaper Sinn Fein. Later he started another political paper called "Nationality."

Griffith's writings attracted wide attention. He was for argument rather than fighting and did not take part in the 1916 uprising at Dublin, when an attempt was made to throw off British authority and a republic proclaimed.

Griffith was arrested twice for his political agitations.

Fight Goes On.

But the death of leaders do not bring peace to Ireland. The fight goes on. Six irregulars were killed and 20 wounded in fighting in Cork before Free State troops occupied the city, said advices from Cork. A number of Free Staters have disappeared in the Cork area and it is feared they were murdered.

The Free State soldiers received a tremendous reception from the citizens when they entered Cork. The irregulars had held the city in a reign of terror and the people were overjoyed to see the nationalist troops.

The retreating irregulars burned six barracks and three bridges. The Free Staters captured 50 prisoners.

Republican sympathizers, who attacked the general postoffice in Dublin, attempted to break down telegraphic communication with London, but only succeeded in crippling it. The raiders were turned out and communication between Dublin and London has been restored.

SHOP UNION LEADER IS A STERN MAN WHO CAME UP FROM RANKS

Imagine a hall filled with men — some smoking, some gloomy, some curious and others "just settin'." At the front of the hall, on an elevation, sit nine men. Immediately before them is a table. At one side are the representatives of the union, with great masses of documents before them; at the other side the representatives of the railroads have placed themselves with their brief cases and their documents.

In the center of this crowded picture there is a man who appears to be rather young, though he is no less than 40. Astride his nose is a pair of heavy shell rimmed spectacles, giving him an almost collegiate appearance that is further strengthened by the fact that his hair is parted in the middle. This man is Bert M. Jewell, president of the railway department of the American Federation of Labor, which embraces nearly all classes of railroad employes except the train service brotherhoods.

Is Careful, Scholarly.

In a deep voice Jewell gives the views of the workmen, as interpreted by his department. He is a careful reader, never missing a "quote" or an "end quote" in the great mass of papers he reads to the board. So careful is he that the average listener is impressed with the scholarliness of the man and wonders if he had legal training. This belief is further inspired by the spontaneousness with which Jewell can launch into a controversy and keep up his end of the argument.

As a matter of fact, however, Jewell's schooling was limited to that which he acquired in the common schools of the South and in the boiler shop of the Seaboard Airline in Jacksonville, Fla., where for many years he worked at his trade of boilermaker.

While still a young man Jewell took a deep interest in organization of employes, and in what he believes to be the means of obtaining justice and a living wage for the workingman. For several years he was a delegate and later became general chairman for the boilermakers on the Seaboard Airline.

He Succeeds Wharton.

When the railroad labor board was created by the passage of the Transportation act it became necessary to appoint three representatives of the labor group. One of the men chosen was A. O. Wharton, who was then president of the railway department of the American Federation of Labor.

The vacancy in the workers' organization caused by the appointment of Wharton to the board was filled by Jewell, who has been fighting the battle of the workingman ever since.

Jewell is a stern man, who takes his duties seriously. He has few confidants outside the circle of labor leaders with whom he comes into contact. He does not care apparently to chat with newspaper men and generally confines his remarks for publication to carefully prepared statements issued from his headquarters, which are located at Wilson avenue and Broadway, in Chicago.

Is Good Looking.

In appearance Jewell is possessed of features regular enough to put him in the "good-looking" class. Though not of the movie actor type, his broad forehead, his regular nose, blue eyes, wide mouth and well shaped chin justify any claim he might put forth to a place on the good-looking bench, rather than among the more homely of the species. He is of medium height and has brown hair. He walks in a determined manner and when addressing the board without manuscript is straightforward, free with gestures, and gives the impression of utmost sincerity.

PLOTS AGAINST GERMANY BARED

Baron Gets Life Term for His Efforts to Assist Frenchman.

Evidence introduced at the recent trial of Baron von Leoprechting in Berlin, who was sentenced to prison for life on charges of high treason, indicated the accused had received monthly pay from the French minister in Munich, M. Dard, and that France was interested in his alleged efforts to bring about the separation of the south of Germany from the north.

The baron was charged with trying to effect separation of Germany through French military occupation of the river Main. The sections to be cut off included Bavaria, Wuerttemberg and Baden. The plan involved also a part of Austria and the Tyrol.

A document introduced at the trial as having been prepared by the baron was branded by the court as "a faithfully reflected image of the annihilating methods used against Germany by Cardinal Richelieu, Cardinal Macerin, Louis XIV, Cardinal Fleury and Napoleon I."

"The document is a monument to the burning hatred against German unity and against all that is German," the court declared in pronouncing sentence. It planned the political, economic, cultural and moral disorganization of Germany and destruction of the unity of the German people."

The court said von Leoprechting's plan aimed at making Germany dependent on France, politically and economically, and that it constituted documentary proof of France's scheme for forcible establishment of French hegemony in Europe.

The court said it was convinced M. Dard came to Munich with a mandate from the French government to pursue intensive agitation for separation of the south of Germany from the north and that he had arranged with the French government that, following certain preparations by him, French generals in the Rhineland territory would suddenly occupy the line of the Main for the purpose of effecting the separation.

Baron von Leoprechting pleaded he acted purely out of patriotic motives, intending no subjugation of Germany, and meant to accomplish only a temporary separation. In pronouncing sentence the court announced it would have imposed the death penalty had the law permitted.

"Gland Hospitals" Barred From Town

By a vote of 79 to 7, West Dennis, Mass., has decided to ban gland hospitals within its borders. The petition of Dr. J. Leon Hanson that his "gland farm" be allowed to continue in operation was denied.

Attention was attracted to this hospital a few days ago when a patient, in whose body glands of a bull were grafted, died. Residents of the town protested vigorously against the institution, which, it was said, had been established without consent of the authorities.

ONE-TIME TRAMP SEEKS U. S. SEAT

'Boy Orator of 1896' Nears Ambition to Sit in Congress.

After political inactivity of more than 20 years, a man who once gained for himself a national reputation as "The Boy Orator of 1896," today is standing on the threshold of his life's ambition and may obtain a seat in congress as representative from the first congressional district of Nebraska, to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of Congressman C. F. Reavis. This hopeful is R. H. Thorpe, one-time tramp soap-box orator and idol of the "Gold-bug" Republicans of another day.

Oldtime "patriots" of the Republican party in almost the entire central West will recall Thorpe, the "Boy Orator of 1896." His history perhaps is without parallel in political annals of the West.

In the primary election in Lincoln Thorpe was pitted against six other candidates for the regular term nomination of the Republican party. Although he lost this nomination he won the vacancy nomination, as Republican congressional nominee against three other candidates. If elected in November against the Democratic nominee, W. C. Parriott, also of Lincoln, Thorpe will serve as congressman a bare four months.

Thorpe while a boy made a study of the tariff and money questions of the day and debated in school and public forum on the issues arising therefrom. In the years following the panic in 1893, young Thorpe, then about 21, found himself one of 4,000,000 men out of employment, and went out to the Kansas wheat fields in search of work. His gold standard policies in a state where Populism and the Free Silver issues were rampant soon lost him job after job. He became a tramp, at all times ready to voice his protest against existing economic conditions. The soap-box dais found him a steady tenant and his oratory soon won him a name in the West.

Gold standard Republicans proclaimed him the champion of their cause. Young Thorpe was received with acclaim in every city he made his appearance. The newspaper file of leading Nebraska newspapers of that day are filled with editorial comment concerning the prowess of Thorpe and the manner in which he routed his opponents. He made 157 addresses in Nebraska in 1896. Later he moved on to Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky and Missouri, stumping each state as he traveled. For a while the lecture platform claimed his services, but his health failed him 15 years ago, he gave up lecturing and since has been out of public life.

The ancestors of Thorpe were of Revolutionary stock. His great, great grandfather crossed the Delaware with General George Washington and participated in the battle of Trenton. His grandfather, Daniel Thorpe, came to Indiana before that area became a state, and is reported to have been one of the founders of Butler college.

Girl, 12, Is Rescuer

Myra Simmons, 12, of St. Paul, dove into 14 feet of water and rescued a smaller child from drowning.

LOREE, REAL DIE-HARD OF RAILROAD BARONS TOTES THE BIG STICK

Leonor Fresnell Loree, president of the Delaware & Hudson Co., has 59 directorates, 30 presidencies and the finest crop of whiskers in 1922 finance. He heads the old guard in American railroading. To the striking shopmen he is Mammon in the flesh.

He believes that principles worth having are worth fighting for. At present his principles say that if lower freight and passenger rates are to come, someone must give way on the wage question. He is broad enough to concede that the unions may have principles, provided it is also conceded that there are right and wrong principles and that his are always right. He is the super-diehard.

Rules With Big Stick

In a gathering of great railroad executives, such as went into session behind closed doors at the Grand Central Terminal some days ago, he glowers down upon them all. He is big, tall, wide of girth, massive of frame, both picturesque and compelling. His hair is black, shot with a slight trace of silver. His whiskers are rapidly turning white. Large eyes glare out from under bushy iron brows. Nothing gets by him. Yet he has a pink complexion and in repose, sits in grandfathers' row to watch the passing show benignly. He never speaks unless he has something to say. And when he says it, everybody looks startled. Loree never talks compromise on principles.

Representing two railroad systems at the strike conference he cast the only two votes against the executives' reply to President Harding's suggestion for strike peace. He said the document was too long. It was. Loree says diplomacy wastes a lot of time, even when it settles nothing. The President's request to restore seniority rights to the shops craftsmen was unthinkable. Why not say so?

Has Fantastic Tastes.

Although he looks like a Hungarian count and favors heliotrope shirtings and felt hats in hot weather, he is all American. He was born in Fulton City, Ill., in 1858. He went to Rutgers college and holds the degree of Master of Science. He served in the Engineering Corps of the United States Army and helped to lay out the National Railroad of Mexico. He was made assistant engineer of the Pennsylvania Panhandle in 1883. He has a monstrous capacity for work. He also has imagination and an eye for the future. And so he was jumped over the heads of a dozen superiors to become general manager of the entire system west of Pittsburgh. Later he went to the Baltimore & Ohio as president. When Leeds left the Rock Island, a road whose career has been one long battle with bankers and the laws of economics, Loree was called in at an enormous salary.

Falls Out, Collects.

His directors and he fell out. Loree knew he was right. He fought for his principles and lost. But though he was superseded, he collected his salary on the three-year contract. As a measure of how wrong he was, E. H. Harriman, who never picked men for the mistakes they made, took him away and placed him at the head of the Delaware & Hudson. In that position both he and his whiskers have flourished. During the war he was a member of the National War Labor Board.

During the present railroad strike he has been the spokesman for the unvarnished convictions of the railroad heads. His diplomacy is all wrapped up in the Big Stick, which he waves with gusto.

HEARTS OF OAK ALSO ARE KIND

Lloyd George, Lord Riddell Hear Veteran's Plea, Afford a Home.

Lloyd George, though prime minister, is one of the most accessible of men, say his admirers, and he will listen to anybody who speaks to him civilly. So will Lord Riddell, and both of them are kind-hearted.

Samuel Farrington proved both these statements to be true and thereby found a way out of his troubles. He now occupies a cottage near the Walton Heath golf links where he has been given employment as a caddie.

Farrington is an ex-soldier who went through the Boer war and the World war. Owing to his inability to find rooms anywhere, he and his wife and two children have been camping out recently on Reigate heath.

A few days ago Lloyd George and Riddell were playing a round of golf on Walton Heath. Farrington, with a "now or never" feeling, accosted the two players and was given a sympathetic hearing.

He told them how for months he had been unable to find a home. He had been ejected from one place after another that he had found unoccupied and "commandered"—cottages, sheds, barns, etc.

Only when he and his family had suffered the rigors of the open air life by day and by night, and he was at his wit's end as to what to do, did he determine, he said, to lay his case in person before the premier.

When finally Farrington mentioned his war service and spoke of his four wounds, and his experiences in the retreat from Mons, his case was won. His luck had turned.

By post next day he received the key of a small cottage built by Lord Riddell.

CLAIMS WORLD IS NOT SECURE

Speaker Sees Danger in Rapid Expansion of Far East's Population.

Sir Rider Haggard is of the opinion that western civilization is by no means so secure as many westerners believe.

"We have an idea that the West is going on forever," he said, lecturing before the Norwich Rotary club, "but can we be quite sure of that? Those who have studied and know the east, its enormous power of reproduction; its simple habits of life on the land, and its system of moralities which make every woman think it her duty to have children, know that it contains an enormous potential power which must one day break out.

"Whether it can be curbed I do not know, but I have grave doubts. I shall never forget my friend, Theodore Roosevelt, saying when talking of Japan, 'Look out for your Australia; it will be the first place to go.'

"If once Japan obtains the control of China the outlook for the Western World will be very cloudy.

The speaker said he thought our existing civilizations in the end probably would go the way of other civilizations that had preceded it.

"Who would have thought a dozen years ago," he asked, "that there would be such horrors in the world as we have seen in Russia. Even in Ireland it has been revealed that the savage is uncommonly near the skirt of civilized man, and so always it will be."

RELIGIOUS MOTTO IS WORRYING THE DINERS

Evidently they believe down in Key West, Fla., that advertising is advertising, just as some people believe pigs is pigs. In a restaurant less than a block from the main street, there is a large poster with the words: "Prepare to Meet Thy God." No matter where one sits in the restaurant he cannot help but see this poster with its cheery message.

And no matter how good the soup tastes or how tantalizing is the aroma from the roast the diner cannot help but sit and eat and wonder. Possibly the proprietor believes forewarned is forearmed.

To Fix Birthplace of "Buffalo Bill"

"Buffalo Bill" Cody's birthplace has become a subject of official investigation to the Davenport, Ia., chamber of commerce.

The inquiry is due to efforts of the municipality to induce the Brotherhood of American Yeomen to locate in that vicinity the fraternal society's $10,000,000 home for motherless and fatherless children.

An old frame house on the White Hall farm near LeClaire has been known for years as Cody's birthplace. The farm is a part of a tract of several thousand acres lying along the Mississippi river which the chamber of commerce has optioned and offered to the Yeomen as a site for the home. The Yeomen, it is said, were keenly interested because of the associations of the house with the celebrated scout and Indian fighter.

Certain older residents of the countryside, however, say "Buffalo Bill" was born in a log cabin that may have stood in the general neighborhood of the farm house but has long since disappeared.

The inquiry, however, is causing considerable interest, for irregardless of its effect on the location of the orphanage, it is expected to settle the question of the exact birthplace of the famous plainsman.

Sick but Once in 97 Years, Death Comes

Living 97 years without being sick, William Floyd Carroll died in Atlanta, Ga., from effects of his first illness, lasting 11 days.

Carroll was born in Troup county, Georgia, in 1825, and lived there until grown. He went to Alabama, where he served Lee county as sheriff 20 years. During the Civil war he fought through all the campaigns of Northern Virginia with the Confederate army.

At the age of 55 he retired from active work and with his wife came to live with his son, with whom he remained until his death. He was considered a splendid physical specimen. He died from kidney trouble.

Mrs. Carroll, who is 94, is in good health.

Mother-To-Be, Read This—

Here is a wonderful message to all expectant mothers. When the Little One arrives, you can have that moment more free from suffering than you have perhaps imagined. An eminent physician, expert in this science, has shown the way. It was he who first produced the great remedy, "Mother's Friend." Mrs. C. J. Hartman, Scranton, Pa., says: "With my first two children I had a doctor and a nurse and then they had to use instruments, but with my last two children I used Mother's Friend and had only a nurse; we had no time to get a doctor because I wasn't very sick—only about ten or fifteen minutes."

Write for free book, "Motherhood and the Baby," containing important information, and all about "Mother's Friend," to Bradfield Regulator Co., BA-53, Atlanta, Ga. "Mother's Friend" is sold by druggists everywhere.

$$ Cash—Real Money —for You! $$

Big new Magazine wants a NAME. We will pay BIG MONEY for it. Send your name and address today for instructions. Don't send us any money. This offer is FREE to all. Cash in on this. Address "BUSINESS," Box 637, Steubenville, Ohio.

POWER PLANTS AT MINE, PLAN

Would Save Costs of Long Haul to Consumers; Prices Lower.

A plan for conversion of coal into electric power at mines and transmitting the current to industrial centers has been called to the attention of the President. Secretary of Commerce Hoover and other high officials of the government.

In proportion to its value coal is bulky. More than a third of the total railroad freight of the United States is coal. On some roads in coal producing sections coal amounts to 80 per cent of freight. A large portion of this is railway fuel.

Louis Brandeis, associate justice of the supreme court of the United States, in his brief in the five per cent case before the Interstate Commerce commission estimated that when all items of cost to the railroads of buying and hauling their coal were added, the total would be [illegible] since that estimate was made prices and costs have increased and the railroad coal bill has amounted to $700,000,000. To transport coal to meet the American demand 18,000,000 cars are employed annually and 2,600,000 are employed in hauling coal for railroads.

To Regulate Production.

The commission has found approximately 97 per cent of all coal cars return to the mines empty.

The new plan would provide for erection at mines of gigantic power plants. The coal would be brought up fast enough to maintain a steady head of steam.

One of the underlying reasons for discontent among miners is the intermittency in the industry. The big demand for coal comes in Winter; in Summer it falls off. Coal is mined as the market calls for it. The result is miners work but from 165 to 210 days a year.

Would Be Economic Gain.

Fewer men would be required to take care of production and, while the change would throw many thousands out of work, it would be gradual and ultimately would result in a clear economic gain, it is claimed.

Experts figure there is a net saving of 25 per cent in electric operation of railroad trains, as compared with steam. An analysis made by the Norfolk & Western railroad revealed that the fuel cost of running an electric locomotive 100 miles was $44.95, compared with a cost of $73.42 for a steam locomotive.

It is estimated power can be transmitted by cable 200 miles before leakage makes it wasteful. In non-coal producing regions hydro-electric power plants would be used.

Southern M. E. Bishop Dies

Bishop John C. Kilgo of the Southern Methodist Episcopal church, died in his home in Charlotte, N. C. He suffered a heart attack last Sunday.

20,000 French Girls Turn to Athletics

France, where before the war feminine athletics virtually were unknown, now has 20,000 enrolled girls and women competing in track and field events, and from this new army a team will be selected to represent the nation in the international games in Pershing studium beginning August 20.

The international games may result in amalgamation of the two national feminine athletic organizations whose rivalry nearly disrupted plans for the meet, one with 327 local societies and the other with 120. The ministry of war is projecting plans for the combination.

Until May, 1915, French women had never organized for athletics with the exception of horseback riding, tennis, hunting and swimming. French women do not excel as sprinters, but they are confident of their prowess in the middle-distance runs and they have an exceptional performer in Madame Gourand-Morris in the weights.

Tourists Don't Like "Fireless Cookers"

"Fireless cookers" was the phrase applied to day coaches and sleepers by passengers stranded in Needles, Cal., because of the controversy between the Santa Fe railway and members of the Big Four Brotherhoods.

"We are as contented as any one could be, hundreds of miles from home in a desert with the thermometer standing at 113 degrees at 7 o'clock at night," said one of them.

He and the other 300 or more deserted the trains which, from standing in the sun all day, were hotter than the atmosphere, and took up a temporary home in the little parks around the railroad station.

A newspaper was all that was needed for a bed and the sky served for a cover.

Coal Demand Helps Industry in England

Great Britain's economic outlook has assumed a favorable aspect largely as a result of increased demand for coal, according to reports received by the commerce department at Washington.

The unexpected American demand for British coal has affected the entire British industrial situation. Commercial Attache Tover at London reports, although inadequate dock and shipping facilities are impeding coal exports.

Refuses to Worry Over Mere $250,000

"Oh, I'm not worrying about the $250,000."

Such was the nonchalant assertion of Walter Timm, 40, a coal heaver of Kansas City, before his consultation with attorneys who are seeking to determine whether he is the rightful heir to a quarter of a million dollars left by an uncle in Kansas.

"I'm having a good time as it is," said Timm, "I've got my health and I'm still able to do a good day's work."

The first modern battleship to cost over $5,000,000 was the British ship Inflexible, launched in 1881.

RAIL BOARD'S LEADER, ADDICTED TO SMILES, MAY END WAGE WAR

Twenty-one stories above the streets of Chicago, Ben W. Hooper sits at his desk and contemplates the problems of the great lanes of traffic of the United States. As chairman of the United States railroad labor board his has been an arduous task. He has been forced to sit hour after hour listening to an apparently endless proceeding. He has been confronted with many knotty problems, with antagonism, with belligerent defiance of his orders and decrees. And yet he smiles.

The smile of Benjamin Wade Hooper is famous among the railroad men, and in legal and political circles of Tennessee. So accustomed have his features become to the expression of good will toward his fellow man that the lines of 52 years of age have engraved it on his cheeks. It has become an index of character that has been borne out in the strifes in railroad circles of the past year, for that smile has meant that the questions coming to him will be treated without malice or bias.

The Eyes Smile, Too.

The smile has spread to the rest of his face and his eyes are netted with crows' feet. The eyes themselves arrest attention. They are blue—a pale blue most of the time.

"But they are green when he is angry," said his daughter Anna, who is living up to her theories of equality of the sexes by working as her father's secretary.

When you first meet Governor Hooper you see only that he is mild and kindly disposed. You see a man of slender build, medium height, longish face, long upper lip, medium brown hair, falling in long strings from the center parting, the smile and his eyes. You hear his quiet drawl and his inward chuckle.

Is Real Humanitarian.

As you get better acquainted with the man, you see some of the characteristics that set him apart from his fellow man. You can understand the impulse that caused him to step down from his high office of governor of Tennessee in December, 1911, to spend a night in the penitentiary, mingling with the convicts and searching for worthy subjects for Christmas pardons.

Governor Hooper was educated to practice law in Carson and Sherman college, from which he graduated in 1890. Four years later he was admitted to the bar and entered upon his profession in Newport, Tenn., his birthplace. From 1893 to 1895 he was a member of the state legislature. During the Spanish-American war he served as a captain of the 6th Inf., Volunteers. In 1916 he was appointed assistant United States attorney for the eastern district of Tennessee and served in that capacity for four years. In 1911 he became governor and was one of the few Republicans to be re-elected in 1912, when many Democrats came into power with the election of Woodrow Wilson to the presidency.

Favored by Leaders.

Following the inauguration of President Harding, the new administration considered several offices where the former governor of Tennessee would be of service to the country. He was first boomed for collector of internal revenue in his district, but President Harding had other plans in view and he was placed on the railroad labor board as a member of the public group. As vice chairman of the board he was the leading spirit in the conciliation moves during the threatened strike of the transportation brotherhoods last October.

Last winter Governor Hooper was selected chairman of the board, to succeed Judge R. M. Barton, and with W. L. McMenimen, a member the labor group of the board, has carried the brunt of the burden of work caused in trying to stem the tide of strikes that threatened to sweep the railroad organizations this summer.

Florist's Daughter Weds Spanish Count

Miss Flora Louise Nelson, 26, daughter of an American florist living in 124 Blum street, Union Hill, New York, startled the neighborhood by calmly announcing that henceforward she may be addressed as the Countess Edmund Alphonso de Jiminez—wife of the scion of scion of an illustrious family of Seville, Spain.

The young lady, who has been teaching in public schools confessed that July 8 she married Count Edmund at the city hall there. After the ceremony the couple returned to their respective homes. The countess, those who know her say is far prettier than any belle of Spain.

The count came to America 11 years ago, when his health broke down while studying for the priesthood, the bride says. Since then he had become an American citizen. The count, the coutess says, receives an honorarium by being retained as an interpreter and translater.

Navy Loses in Bout With Mr. Dan Cupid

It was Cupid versus the U. S. N., and Daniel won a "popular decision. When naval discipline might have prevented the marriage of Antonio D'Ambra, of the U. S. Receiving ship Southery and Miss Frances Spinella, of Charlestown, Antonio leaped overboard and started to swim for shore and his nuptial appointment.

Antonio was overhauled by a detail from his ship, but discipline relented, and he was permitted to go ashore and wed Miss Spinella. Discipline again relented, and Antonio was given a 24 hour furlough. Antonio was technically under arrest during the marriage ceremony, but his guard, Corporal Ash, acted as best man.

Jesse James Given Mail Carrying Job

Several decades ago the name Jesse James was one with which to conjure. It had a magical effect upon one and all and was associated with the most daring mail robberies ever perpetrated in the United States.

Today, down in Louisiana, unknown and unsung and carrying mail between Vidalia and Willets, is another Jesse James. Where Jesse James years ago was robbing the mails, today he is toting them.

WAS TURNING TO STONE: DEATH SETS HIM FREE

James Burke, 37, whose body for nine years had been slowly turning to stone, died in the Mother Margaret Mary home in Cheshire, Mass.

Nine years ago, while holding a clerical position in the Panama Canal Zone, he became infected from an insect bite; his bones started to stiffen and the process of ossification was under way.

While suffering much discomfort he had little pain and always was cheerful.

37 Born in Quake

Thirty-seven babies were born during an earthquake in the province of Ancona.

Reverses Motor Accidents

A runaway horse ran into an automobile in St. Louis and two occupants of the machine were killed.

GERMANS BUILD BLIMP FOR U. S.

Zeppelin Co. Is Eager to Construct Dirigible That Will Last.

Facing the fact that memories of the R-38 and Roma disasters are freshly in mind throughout the world, Germany's builders of the new Zeppelin intended for commercial use in the United States are prepared to exhaust every resource at their command in producing the "last word" in aircraft. The Zeppelin Co. stands ready to "stake its reputation" on the project, says an American official who has figured prominently in the negotiations for the contract signed here recently.

This official pointed out that the undertaking strikes no awe in the hearts of the constructors since they already have built larger ships than that now under contract. In fact, he said, they are equipped to produce a Zeppelin of 100,000 or even 120,000 cubic meters, as compared with the ship of 70,000 which they have agreed to build for America.

Yet the builders recognize the possibility of elements hitherto uncontrollable entering into construction of this nature, it is said, and will endeavor to profit by careful study of the fate which befell the two giant airships produced for the United States the past two years in England and Italy. Particular attention will be devoted to the question of the manifold stresses to which an airship is subject. This problem involves multitudinous technicalities as to design and the extreme testing of material. In these departments it is felt in American circles here, the Germans have reached an outstanding stage of advance.

Reception of the ship having been delegated to the naval department of the United States, its design will be submitted to that division of the government for approval. In addition, an officer of the department will be present at Friedrichhafen as an inspector throughout the Zeppelin's construction. This duty has been assigned to First Lieutenant Garland Fulton, U. S. N., who is here in connection with the contract. First Lieutenant R. G. Pennoyer, U. S. N., also has been in Berlin during the negotiations, both of these officers having been on duty in connection with the R-38.

It is estimated that 15 months will be required for construction of the ship. No specific time of delivery has been fixed, this being dependent upon a number of contingencies, not the least of which are the weather conditions.

SMALL BOY IS ONLY SURVIVOR OF FEUD

Feudal warfare brought death to two more members of the Wingate family near Hilliard, in Nassau county, Fla., leaving only the fourth son, Elijah, surviving, the father and three sons having been killed in the last three years.

William Wingate, the father, aged 71, and his son Scriven, 41, were shot dead in their automobile but a 7-year-old son of Scriven was spared when he begged for his life. Two other sons were shot and killed some months ago. No arrests are known to have been made.

Booze Blows Off Hand

While Thomas Jordan, a West Virginia miner, was making whisky the still exploded and Jordan's right hand was blown off.

Pimples

The shame of a blemished face!

Oh! if I had only accepted Mother's advice and taken S. S. S.

* * * *

Skin eruptions, pimples, blackheads, blotches, boils, etc., are outward appearances of the impurities which are in the blood.

S. S. S. will purify your blood. S. S. S. is the world's standard blood purifier and has been for over 50 years. Begin today to purify your blood by taking S. S. S. Any druggist can supply you.

S. S. S. makes you feel like your self again

Mr. C. Vogt, 1228 Vine St., Cincinnati, O., writes: "S. S. S. has improved my complexion. I have gained in weight and feel much stronger."